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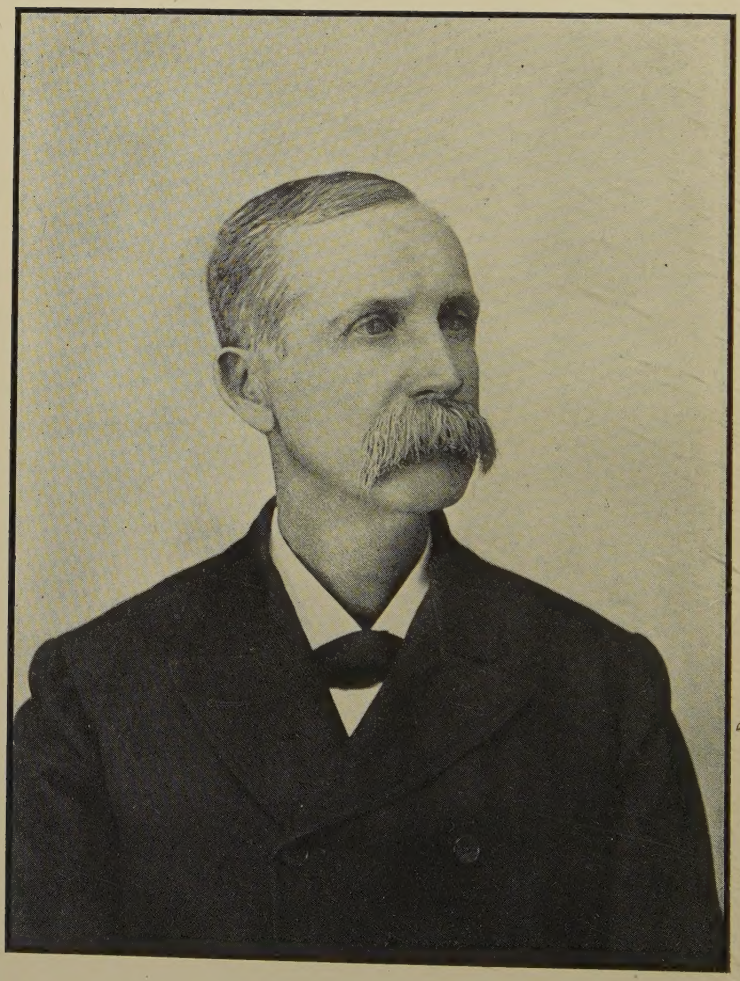

Yours in F. C. & L.
Nelson Armstrong.

NUGGETS OF EXPERIENCE

NARRATIVES OF THE SIXTIES AND OTHER DAYS, WITH GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF THRILLING PERSONAL ADVENTURES

BY

DR. NELSON ARMSTRONG, V. S.

LATE OF THE EIGHTH NEW YORK HEAVY ARTILLERY
VETERAN OF THE SECOND ARMY CORPS
TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS A MEMBER OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

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Joined Garfield Post, No. 25, Wichita, Kan., by Card, 1894

PRESENT MEMBER
W. R. CORNMAN POST, NO. 57, BY CARD
SAN BERNARDINO
1904

Cloth Bound - Price $1.50

Times-Mirror P. and B. House
1906

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by

DR. NELSON ARMSTRONG

Dedication.

I deem it fitting that this little Book be dedicated to my comrades, the Veteran heroes, of the stormy and rebellious days of the Civil War, (who are dear to me as brothers), their sons and daughters, the patriotic and liberty loving citizens of our United States of America.

With esteem and affection of the Author.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Page
Frontispiece	1
Officers of the Eighth New York Heavy Artillery	31
Billy McCabe Defying the Johnnies	71
The Quarter Dash at Platt Creek	123
There are the Indians	139
The House That Became Historic	165
Captain Lavender, with Yawl and Crew	175
I Have "Got" You, Old Man	207
The Redwood Cabin on the Hill	229
Last of Our Happy Days	247

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Boyhood, and Days Leading up to the War.

Election of 1856—Stormy scenes on the floors of Congress—Old Bowie Knife—Another Presidential Election—Days that tried the soul of man—Three boys—Noble aged patriot.

CHAPTER II.

The Sixties.

Historical Review of the Eighth New York Heavy Artillery, (one hundred and twenty-ninth infantry)—Its enrollment, organization, transformation—Duties in the defenses of Washington—March to the front—Movements with the army of the Potomac in the overland campaign—Siege of Petersburg.

CHAPTER III.

General Grant Lieutenant General—The Eighth New York Heavy Artillery leaves Baltimore—March through Washington—The Potomac—Landing in old Virginia—the night in the woods—Arrival at Spottsylvania—The first engagement—The gray horse—A two mile dash—Charge on the enemy.

CHAPTER IV.

To the North Anna River—Crossing the bridge under fire—The turn to the left—The Chickahominy—And Battle of Cold Harbor—Captain Ludden a prisoner three minutes—Tribute to Colonel Porter—Sergeant Joseph Shaw.

CHAPTER V.

In the Shadow of the Wilderness—The Dawn—General Grant's strategy—Sherman and the western boys—Sheridan in

the Shenandoah—Historic march—Charge the enemy's works at Petersburg—Death of Lieutenant Colonel Bates—Captain Ludden, a prisoner, goes to Richmond—Captain Ludden's return to the Regiment—Colonels Murphy and McIver—The boys in the blue and the gray.

CHAPTER VI.

Battle of Hatcher's Run (Boydton Road).

Leaving the line in front of Petersburg—My difficulties—The new recruit—on the flank—Captain Ludden in command of the Regiment—Death of Lieutenant Fellows—Officers assembled—Rebel battery opens fire on the house—The boys on horse—We charge the enemy—The Rebel prisoner—Two brigades to the rear—Memories of General Grant—Billy McCabe—The Retrograde march—The wounded Lieutenant—Return to the line in front of Petersburg.

CHAPTER VII.

Some of the reasons why the comrades are clinging together today.

CHAPTER VIII.

Eighth New York Heavy Artillery (129th Infantry) Volunteers.

Official Reports.

Letter of E. D. Morgan, Albany, N. Y.—Letter of Thos. Hillhouse, Adjt. General—Regiment arrives at Baltimore—Transformation—Joins Second Army Corps—Major Gen. John Gibbon's Report of Cold Harbor—Major Erastus M. Spaulding.

Battle of Ream-Station.

Report of Colonel Murphy—Maj. Gen. John Gibbon—Gen'l Order No. 63—Letter of Major Gen. Hancock.

Hatcher's Run or Boydton Road.

Report of Brig. Gen'l Egen—Col. James Willett—Thos. A. Smith, Brig. Gen'l.—Gen'l. Order No. 41—Major General Meade.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER IX.

America's Heroes of Freedom.

Two score years—Lee and the two Johnsons—Senators and Representatives—Brave men wept—Seized forts and arsenals—Grant and Sherman—Logan's encouragement to the Government—The President's call for Volunteers—Battle of Bull Run—Increase of the army to five hundred thousand—Four long years—The enemies' country—All the same gnawed hard-tack—An army of Patriots—Our country could not be divided—Invincible army—Gathering of the Veterans—Ties that bind men most closely to each other—The fallen comrades—American, we love thy name.

CHAPTER X.

Our social meeting day—The year of Sixty-Three—Auld Lang Syne—Happy days of yore—Flowery Florida.

CHAPTER XI.

The Postponed Horse, or Across Dakota Territory in 1880.

A contemplated journey to the gold fields—My new friend—Trotting horse Turk Gold-dust—Fitted out for a campaign on the open prairies—White-Swan and Fort Randall—Platt Creek—The quarter dash—Fort Thompson—A night with old friends—Indian agencies—The Big Muddy—Big Bend—Birth of contemplation—Fort Perrie—The Village Hotel—Wakpa Shicka.

CHAPTER XII.

Bad river—The storm at Plum Creek—Indians on the war-path—Dead Man's Creek—Cheyenne River—A greater misfortune—The Indians in sight—The phantom Horse-guards.

CHAPTER XIII.

Elk Creek Valley—My reverie—Bull-dog Ranch—Scooptown—Bowlder Park—Metropolis of the Black Hills—Arrival at the Race Track—Runners about Camp—The strange horse—President of the Trotting and Racing Association—The postponment—Corpulent butter—Two gentlemen became the owners of my Trotter—Eastward Bound—Curley and Auld Lang Syne.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XIV.

Ten Days in the Flood on the Missouri River, 1881.

The cold winter—Breaking of the ice—A venturesome people—The Steamer Western—The gorge unbroken—Hanson's landing—Our first duty as rescuers—The blessings of a delighted young wife—The house that became Historic.

CHAPTER XV.

Arrival at the Park's Place—The little skiff at sea—Terrific storm—Thirty-six hours imprisonment—Danger not fully realized—Mercury hovering around zero—In younger days—Preternatural scenery—Arrival of Captain Lavender with yawl and crew—Searching the icy country for an outlet—Singing on the water a bad omen—Captain Noble at the helm.

CHAPTER XVI.

My craft—Captain Noble a stranger—Receding of the waters—The Hardys—Return of the water—Crowded apartments—West's Harbor—Religious services—Monday, April fourth—A hard and a long pull—The Nelson Family—We took a walk—Return to the troubled waters—The widow and family—Blinding snow storm—Brave hearts and willing hands.

CHAPTER XVII.

Paper of S. K. Felton.

Necessity of more boats—The Iron life boat—Our appearance hailed with joy—Crashing ice and roaring waters—Hemmed in by the gorge—Helping along the old and encouraging all—The sturdy hearts and willing ones.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Days of the High Wheels, or How Dakota Belle Trotted away with the stakes.

Mitchell an aspiring town—The Race-Track—The favorite gray mare—Excitement running high—The young mare that was raised in Dakota—Faint hopes—The third day of July—The im-

mense crowd of people—A newly aroused intelligence—A desperate trio—Plenty of ice the balance of the season.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Feast With the Hawkeyes.

Unlike Uncle Isaac Crossman—The Hawkeye Club—So says the Doctor—Beach and Gould—Natural Scenery—More experience than capital—All smiles and attention—Invited for an outing—A Tam-O-Shanter ride—The old mare's blood was roiled—Jack's obligated duty.

CHAPTER XX.

A Comrade's Letter.

CHAPTER XXI.

Twice an Out-Cast—A Warden's experience.

PREFACE.

In preparing this work, which has been a labor of love, as well as a necessity, I make no claim to profound investigations, or literary merit. The sentiments and style are my own, written from memory, after so many years. I have simply attempted to narrate facts and events as they appeared to my personal observation. Whatever the defects, I crave the indulgence of my comrades in arms, their descendants, and a generous and grateful public.

One by one, the heroes of the great struggle are answering the last roll-call, and passing to that great beyond, whose streets are golden paved, and where shot and shell from an hostile army's guns, and the dangers and difficulties of a soldier's life are unknown. Nearly two score years have elapsed since the restoration of peace. There are still living many comrades whose experiences in the days of hostilities—and in peaceful times—were similar to my own. To them the following reminiscences will recall many fading recollections; and I trust prove of more than a passing interest. To their children, they will recall valiant deeds performed by noble mothers and sons and daughters at home bereft of a husband and father's care in those agonizing days of Civil War.

Having lost my health in the service of my country during the Rebellion, the days of the nation's peril, I have

suffered these many years with disablements contracted there. I have sought climate and physicians, hoping to regain health or repair damage received at that time, but without success. The experiment has been to me a costly one. I find myself in these late years unable to perform any part of manual labor, and with only a small remittance from the government to live upon. Desiring however to earn my support, I have selected from my personal, adventurous experiences the narratives contained in these pages, hoping my friends and patrons will find them entertaining and of benefit, and that I may receive from them a small revenue that will aid me to live in a fairly comfortable manner through declining years.

Devotedly yours,

NELSON ARMSTRONG.

Stories of the War of the Rebellion

1861 1865

Boyhood

and Days leading up to the War

CHAPTER I

ELECTION OF 1856—STORMY SCENES ON THE FLOORS OF CONGRESS—OLD BOWIE KNIFE—ANOTHER PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION—DAYS THAT TRIED THE SOUL OF MAN—THREE BOYS—NOBLE AGED PATRIOT.

My parents were born in St. Lawrence County, New York. They were of Scotch-Irish descent. At the time of my birth they were residing in Canada, where my father was interested in the lumber business, and through the influence of Canadian friends I was named for the Lord Admiral of the British Navy, Lord Nelson. When I was six years old we removed to Niagara County, in the State of New York, there being a large family of children.

After my tenth year had passed, I was but very little of my time at home. Living at Niagara Falls, and having a great fondness for breaking and riding horses, I readily found employment. Later I went to Lewiston, near which place I was engaged in work at farming and handling horses, which seemed to me a pleasant and smoothly running occupation and the kind I enjoyed. The general routine of labor was followed year after year, I attending the district school in the winter months, and I think the people in those days were really happy; they seemed con-

tent with their lot in life,—at least, those that I knew and heard of.

My earliest recollection of a Presidential campaign was in 1856, which resulted in the election of James Buchanan. The national troubles at this time were brewing, and while the planters, mechanics and industrious people were happy and prosperous, the politicians and busybodies in the South were scheming and plotting secession. There were many stormy scenes on the floors of Congress, and towards the close of the administration matters reached a boiling heat.

It was about this time the Hon. John F. Potter, Representative from Wisconsin, acquired the title of "Old Bowie Knife." In April, 1860, when treason had raised its hand to stab the Nation to the death, and a hot debate was going on in the House, member after member from the South arose and poured his wrath upon the heads of the "mudsills" of the North. And now came the turn in the tide—Owen Lovejoy, a bold and fearless man from Illinois, arose to reply. He denounced the institution of slavery in a manner unheard of before in the halls of Congress; the Southerners winced beneath his sledgehammer blows. Lovejoy marched down one aisle and up another among the Southern members, shaking his fist in their faces and denouncing them in unmeasured terms.

While this was going on, Roger A. Pryor, a Virginian, later a lawyer in New York City, advanced to the center of the hall in a towering passion exclaiming, "The gentle-

man from Illinois shall not approach this side of the House shaking his fists and talking in the way he has talked! It is bad enough to be compelled to sit here and hear him utter his treasonable and insulting language, but he shall not, sir, come upon this side of the House shaking his fists in our faces."

At this time Mr. Potter arose and said: "We have listened to the gentlemen upon the other side for eight weeks when they denounced the members upon this side with violent and offensive language. We listened to them gently and heard them through, and now, sir, this side shall be heard, let the consequences be what they may!"

This of course drew the fire and the brunt of the battle onto Potter, and Pryor was quick to rain down his abuse upon him, but the man from the Badger State stood by his word, and a few days later received a note from Pryor. Hindman, of Arkansas, delivered it. It only asked Mr. Potter to leave the District to receive a written communication. Potter answered that as the note contemplated a duel, and as his disqualification was contained in the Constitution of Wisconsin, he would not leave the District.

This was followed by a peremptory challenge, which Potter accepted, and quickly named the common bowie knife as the weapon, the duellists to be locked in a room. Chisholm, Pryor's second, protested against so barbarous a weapon, but Lander, Potter's second, would consent to no other, but offered to substitute himself for Potter with other weapons. This could not be agreed to, and no further

demands were made upon Mr. Potter. At the Convention which met at Chicago in June following, he was presented by the Missouri delegation with a bowie knife, seven feet long with a blade three inches wide; the handle was of ebony and the blade was beautifully polished steel. On one side of the blade was the inscription: "Presented to John F. Potter of Wisconsin by the Republicans of Missouri, (1860.)" On the opposite side was: "Will always meet a Prior engagement."

Another Presidential campaign came on in the fall of 1860, and Mr. Lincoln was elected President of the United States. This the Southern leaders alleged a sufficient cause for secession and rebellion, and at once proceeded to take possession of the United States mints, the forts, the arsenals, and even tore down and insulted the Nation's flag. They said the North was made up of mean manufacturers, of traders and farmers, who were cravens and cowards and would not fight.

Even after forts had been taken and public arms stolen from the arsenals and distributed among the enraged militia in the South, the brave, patient and honest freemen of the Great North could not realize the fact, and did not until Beauregard began to fire upon a garrison of United States troops in Fort Sumter. Then, in a mighty upheavel, the people arose. The thunderbolt had burst forth in all its barbarity. Those were days that tried the soul of man. We had no choice; a civil war was forced upon us and the country called upon her patriotic sons for protection, and

all mankind have recognized in the people of the North a brave and stubborn race.

In the family in which I lived there were three boys; though they were not of the one family, they were to each other as brothers. All of them signed allegiance to their country in her hour of need, and two had early gone forth in obedience to the call to arms. I, being the youngest of the number, was the last to leave home, but the struggle continued and the time came when my services were also needed. Of the three athletic and aspiring young men,—one son and two adopted,—who left the home of that noble, aged patriot, Cyrus Peet, (whose energetic support and encouragement were ever for the Union and who asked only to be permitted to remain in this life until Peace and Freedom be restored to the National cause,—he passed away soon after),—one in his fourth year of service lost a leg in battle near St. Mary's Church, resulting in his death; one a little later succumbed to typhoid fever at City Point hospital. Although both departed this life on the soil of Virginia, the battlefield of the Rebellion, their remains are resting in the little churchyard at Lewiston, New York, and after the war I alone returned in life, but a mere fragment of my former self, to the old home.

The Sixties

CHAPTER II

HISTORICAL REVIEW OF THE EIGHTH NEW YORK HEAVY ARTILLERY, (ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINTH INFANTRY)—ITS ENROLLMENT, ORGANIZATION, TRANSFORMATION—DUTIES IN THE DEFENSES OF WASHINGTON—MARCH TO THE FRONT—MOVEMENTS WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC IN THE OVERLAND CAMPAIGN—SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

The One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Regiment, New York Infantry Volunteers, was recruited and organized at Lockport, New York, in the summer of 1862; composed of the good, moral and able-bodied young men of Niagara, Wyoming and Genesee Counties, and some who were filling prominent positions at time of enlistment. It was commanded by Colonel Peter A. Porter, of Niagara Falls.

Some time after being assigned to duty, this regiment was transformed into Artillery, and was afterward known as the Eighth Regiment, New York Heavy Artillery Volunteers, and was placed in the defenses of Washington, D. C., headquarters at Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Maryland, with permission to recruit two new companies; also to fill up the ten old companies to the Artillery standard.

In 1863 the war had been going on more than two years, during which time my attention had been particularly given to the operations of the Army of the Potomac. Novel and exciting reports of daring deeds at the front were current; officers were in all parts of the country recruiting soldiers; bands of music were playing; drums were beaten, guns were fired, patriotic speeches were made; the people hurrahed, and men enlisted for the war. I was seized with a sudden, aspiring desire to become a soldier, to be one to take part in the struggle for the cause sacred to all true in heart. I believed my country needed my services; my patriotism was aroused to its utmost.

Officers were instructed to enlist men, allowing them the privilege of choosing their company and regiment. I knew Company E of the Eighth New York had been recruited at Niagara Falls. I, having lived and attended school there when a small boy, was personally acquainted with its Captain and nearly all of its members, and some of them had written that they were holding a place in the company for me. I reported at the recruiting office at Lockport and succeeded in passing examination. Before taking our final leave for the regiment, I found there were fifteen (myself making sixteen) Lewiston boys who had enlisted for the Eighth New York Heavy Artillery.

A few days were required after enlistment to prepare the new recruits for going to their regiments. A certain number must be ready to move at the same time; clothing must be drawn; speeches were to be made and good advice

OFFICERS OF THE EIGHTH NEW YORK HEAVY ARTILLERY

given. Finally, however, the red tape did give out and the boys were started on their way rejoicing. Loaded in box cars, in or on top of freight (we did not have palace cars, nor did we ask or wish for them), we were a happy lot.

When we reached Elmira, the State rendezvous for recruits for the State of New York, we quartered in a three story, wooden warehouse; it had been used so much for this purpose that it had the appearance of being used many years for a cattle pen to which the city scavenger never had access. But we were the younger boys of the family, the older ones having gone on before; they were requiring a good deal of attention, and Uncle Sam had not yet got to us with suitable bed clothing, so while we remained in these quarters our beds were on the muddy floor; we were young, however, and soldiers too, and expected to see hardships, for we were soon to be engaged in the gentle occupation of killing or being killed, and did not complain of a muddy bed. After remaining at these quarters a few days, we removed to the barracks for a few days more, when we got transportation to the regiment.

We reached Baltimore in due time and were marched to Fort McHenry, the regimental headquarters, when I found Company E had received its quota. But we were informed that Companies L and M were not yet complete and we were requested to join one of the new companies. Company L would be commanded by Captain S. D. Lud-

den, of Batavia, New York, who had not at that time made his appearance in the regiment, and had never been seen by any of the Lewiston boys, but was said to be a gallant young officer, twenty-four years of age, who had served in the army the first two years of the war, and at the expiration of his enlisted term returned home with the honors of a First Lieutenant's commission; also, during his stay at home, as Governor Seymour's officer, he had recruited three hundred and fifty men for the United States service. The result of a brief consultation among the Lewiston boys was in favor of Company L, and I believe there was never a murmur of regret as to choice.

Companies D, F, L and M were located at Fort Federal Hill, where they remained until the spring of 1864, engaged in drill and guarding the city of Baltimore.

As spring came and the sun grew warm, the snow melted away. Frequent reports came to us through the press of the preparations, concentration and movements of troops at the front; all seemed to point as strong evidence to a lively coming summer campaign. Time was seeming long; garrison duty was tame soldiering; I was anxious for active service and desired to see something of the excitement of war. I longed to see the great army in motion and to be with it.

CHAPTER III

GENERAL GRANT LIEUTENANT-GENERAL—THE EIGHTH NEW YORK HEAVY ARTILLERY LEAVES BALTIMORE—MARCH THROUGH WASHINGTON—THE POTOMAC—LANDING IN OLD VIRGINIA—THE NIGHT IN THE WOODS—ARRIVAL AT SPOTTSYLVANIA—THE FIRST ENGAGEMENT—THE GRAY HORSE—A TWO-MILE DASH—CHARGE ON THE ENEMY.

On the 9th day of March, 1864, General Grant was commissioned Lieutenant General, and on the 12th, by special order of the President, assigned to the command of all the armies of the United States. And now came orders to all Heavy Artillery regiments to report at the front for duty. The boys were jubilant with the prospect of being relieved from the oft-repeated white glove, dress parade duty at the fort.

At country's call we in line did fall,
Though the storms did almost drown us;
Both night and day we marched away,
For the dear ones left behind us.

Well I remember that Sabbath morning when, with buoyant step and hopeful hearts, we marched out of Fort Federal Hill, through the streets of Baltimore. The rain was falling in torrents, and our regimental band before us

gaily played "The Girl I Left Behind Me." What glory there seemed in store for the young soldier! Merrily we tramped along through the rain and running water until we reached the Baltimore & Ohio Railway Company's yards, where we waited in the rain several hours for a freight train which was being prepared to carry us to Washington.

We were on our way to the battlefields, thirsting for the sights there to be seen, believing that a great responsibility rested upon us, that we would act a very important part in the great drama, and with our aid the national troubles would soon be settled. I can frankly say we very soon had the opportunity of knowing why we were there and the kind of material we were composed of. I have sometimes thought that possibly the war could have been brought to a close if we had not been there, but I am pleased to know we are honored with the credit of having done our duty well on the field of battle. I am credibly informed that our regiment ranks second on the rolls as having lost the greatest number in battle.

Our train was got ready for us at last and we reached Washington the second night. We were quartered in a large, open building, and the next morning, after breakfasting on soft bread and coffee, we were called into line and marched past the Capitol and down Pennsylvania Avenue towards the Potomac River. The doors, windows and roofs of buildings were occupied to their fullest capacity; the streets were thronged with anxious people watch-

ing our moving column, eighteen hundred strong,—a magnificent regiment or a small Artillery brigade. Many amusing and encouraging words were given us as we passed along. Some said it was the finest regiment that had passed through Washington; others remarked that we would not be long in closing accounts with the Rebels, and some said we must whip the Johnnies and come back soon for "the girls we left behind" were waiting for us. We arrived at the River, where the transports were waiting for us, and were soon on board, longing to move down that memorable stream, which many of us had never seen before but had often heard mentioned in 1861 and '62.

It will be remembered by all who were in sympathy with the National cause in those days, that after the first battle of Bull Run, General McDowell, the first commander of the Union forces in the field, was relieved and General McClellan assigned to command the Department of Washington and Northeastern Virginia, and later, to command the armies of the United States, with his headquarters at Washington.

The Confederates were actively preparing for war and rapidly increasing their strength and number. The inactivity of the Federal Army caused a great deal of dissatisfaction throughout the North. The people were in darkness by reason of the splendid Army of the Potomac lying in idleness, and for many months were kept anxiously watching, expecting at any hour to hear of a dashing movement with a brilliant victory to our arms. But no news

came,—only the old, fatiguing repetition, "All quiet on the Potomac." Thus we often heard mentioned the Potomac.

The aspirations to political distinction seemed to be a prevailing epidemic in the first years of the war, and the representatives of the National cause were so divided in sympathy that had not our cause been mercifully guarded by the All-wise Providence, we surely would have perished. The President was sorely distressed. The parental Lincoln was certainly bereft of all patience when he said to Generals McDowell and Franklin, "If General McClellan does not want to use the army, I would like to borrow it, provided I can see how it can be made to do something."

We did not have long to wait on our little transports; they were soon on the way, and steamed down the river until landed at the mouth of Aquia Creek, where we disembarked and set foot on the soil of Old Virginia. We moved back a short distance from the River and went into camp for the night.

Next morning we struck tents, and commenced our march across the plain towards the Rappahannock River, which, with the sun about one hour in sight, we crossed on a pontoon bridge about one-half mile to the left, or down the river, from the ruins of Fredericksburg. Night came on us as we were passing over a narrow road with heavy timber on each side, and we were allowed to break ranks and go into the woods to lie down for the night.

When in these later years I reflect on that night's doings, I think what a lot of *Si Kleggs* there must have

been. It seemed to me every man in the regiment was at a loss as to his own whereabouts and was calling at the top of his voice for his messmate, and the echoes resounding in the deep forest added to the intensity. It was the most confounding clamor of human voices I had ever heard. I have often wondered why the Johnnies did not come down and gobble us up, and if our comrades, who were unfortunately confined in Libby prison, were not disturbed in their troubled slumbers with our noises. I remember calling to one comrade for several seconds; he afterward told me he was not more than four feet from me, preparing our blankets and trying his utmost to convince me he was not a deserter. We at last found ourselves installed and enjoyed a sound and refreshing sleep.

At the first gray of the morning, when I awoke, I was surprised to see a part of the regiment in line. No one said anything about breakfast, and I believe we got none. The officers were forming the men in line as fast as they could be awakened, not speaking a word above a whisper. Our battle flags were uncovered and given to the breeze. Lieutenant Van-Dake, pointing to the colors, remarked, "That is what you are fighting for!" I thought we must be very near the Johnnies and were going to have an introduction, but we saw no enemy and marched on to Spottsylvania.

The Eighth New York, with other Heavy Artillery regiments, arrived at Spottsylvania under command of General R. O. Tyler. It was called the Artillery Division

and was halted near the right of the line and in rear of the moving army.

The Eighth New York was marched and countermarched, held in reserve, went into camp for a few minutes, then marched again; thus continually maneuvering, as if sparring for trouble. Finally we went into camp where we remained over a night, in the edge of a heavy piece of timber that immediately opened into a large clearing with standing timber on three sides. Near us was a building,—I thought at that time a court house,—a wooden structure, which appeared to me to be about forty feet wide and about sixty feet long. It was one story high, with square front, clap-boarded outside, unpainted, and owing to the dense growth of timber about it, was visible only a short distance from a front view.

General Grant had ordered a flank movement to the left, to the North Anna River, for the supposed purpose of getting in the rear of General Lee or forcing him to an open field fight.

The morning after our going into camp our troops on the right began moving past us to the left; tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys came marching by until late in the afternoon, when it seemed all had gone and our regiment was left in quietness and solitude. But quietness was not long-lived in those days; we soon heard firing on the right, where our troops had so recently been. We could not hear musketry, but the Artillery firing was grand. The first report burst upon us like a thunderbolt from a clear sky;

the firing increased with great rapidity and grew louder every moment, until we could hear the continuous booming of the cannon of many batteries.

As I stood on the open ground, I could see the smoke from the guns rising above the hills and tree tops between us and the field of action. The roar of cannon was loud and incessant, and it seemed all the elements of Heaven and earth were in conflict. The ever-watchful Lee had evidently in some way obtained information of General Grant's movements to the left, and ordered General Ewell with his corps to make a strong demonstration on our extreme right and rear. Ewell had carried out the instructions of his chief. Crossing the Ny River above our right, he captured the road leading out from Fredericksburg on which our supply trains were moving, and charged our weakened line.

I do not know how long we stood looking toward the roaring batteries; perhaps not three minutes, but I remember I felt as if I would like to be near enough to see what they were doing. I was soon to be allowed that privilege, for while we were still gazing towards the field of conflict, a comrade remarked, "A messenger comes!"

At that moment a gray horse with a rider appeared, but far away, and could be seen only at intervals, as if rising to the summit of a hill, then descending towards the valley, but steadily galloping towards us. Now we saw him, now he was lost to our sight; once more he was on the hilltop; again he descended to the valley; and now he

again rose to view, now descending to the open field. He is nearer. We can see him more clearly and watch him nobly holding his pace, straining every muscle to fill his mission. At last, with drooping head, extended nostrils and reeking sides, the gallant steed is halted at our regimental headquarters; the voice of the noble Porter, clear on the soft Southern air, commands, "Fall in! Forward! Double quick! March!"

The boys, (for such we were, I being but eighteen years of age, and some of us yet younger), were eager for the *send away.* I can justly say I never ran a longer or a better race. There were no spectators in a grand stand to witness the contest; there was no recall; we were off with the first word. And the brave boys who were stubbornly contesting the field at the mouth of the enemy's guns, and against superior numbers, were our timers. It was a two-mile dash, a run from start to finish. Many of the heavy men, unable to endure the hardship, fell by the wayside. Talk about Star Pointer, Dan Patch and the great Cresceus will all do very well for the sports in these peaceful times, but those were days when a nation's life depended upon speed.

Field services were new to us and we were nearly all laden to equal the little Spanish pack burro of the Western mountains. It was a common occurrence with new men in the field to want to carry everything that had been sent them from home, and in our case it seemed impossible to understand otherwise until taught by actual experience.

Here let us pause a few moments and see this army of men, each carrying a Springfield musket, belts, cartridge box with forty rounds of ammunition, haversack with the amount of rations necessary and usually carried in the enemy's country, blanket, shelter tent, canteen with water (when we could get it), a well filled knapsack,—in all, weighing from sixty to eighty-five pounds, running over hills, through swamp and wilderness, to get to a fight!

As we ran and neared the enemy, we cast our heavy knapsacks in a pile and one comrade was left to guard them. We ran onto the field a short time before sundown, immediately swinging into line, charged the enemy, and he was forced to a hasty retreat. With darkness the fight ceased and all was quiet. And with the exception of an occasional musket shot on the outer picket post, or the shrill whistle of the whippoorwill, the night was still as death itself. We slept on our arms in line through the night.

***Personal Memoirs of General Grant, Vol. 11, Page 239:**

"Lee, probably suspecting some move on my part and seeing our right entirely abandoned, moved Ewell's corps about five o'clock in the afternoon, with Early's as a reserve, to attack us in that quarter. Tyler had come up from Fredericksburg and had been halted on the road to the right of our line near Kitching's brigade of Warren's troops. Tyler received the attack with his raw troops, and they maintained their position until reinforced in a manner worthy of veterans.

Hancock was in a position to re-inforce speedily and was the soldier to do it without waiting to make disposition. Burney was

thrown to Tyler's right and Crawford to his left, with Gibbon as a reserve, and Ewell was whirled back speedily and with heavy loss."

In the morning reconnoissances were made; the batteries threw shells into the woods at different points, with no response from the enemy. Our dead were buried and we marched back leisurely over the ground we had so hurriedly traversed but a few hours before. Some of us did not return, for we had experienced the genuineness of the fortunes of war, and we had learned lessons never to be forgotten; we certainly did not forget them during our soldiering days. First, self preservation; second, not to burden ourselves with luxuries so convenient while in garrison. So knapsacks with extra clothing were thrown away by the carload; some did not save a single blanket. It was a grand picnic for the veterans, hardened to field service, who, with smile and jest selected such articles from the discarded goods as best suited their fancy. The musket, cartridge box, haversack and canteen were even too great a burden for the tired and footsore soldiers, unaccustomed to field service, on their long and hasty marches through the suffocating dust and hot Southern sun.

John Laird Wilson, in his history of the "Great Civil War" says: "The National right flank was guarded by a body of foot artillerists who had just come up from the defenses of Washington and who had never before been in battle; they were under the command of Gen. R. O. Tyler. Ewell's attack was promptly met. The Artillerists, ignorant of the Indian devices to which

the veterans were accustomed to resort while fighting in the woods, fearlessly exposed themselves, firing furiously and ultimately compelling the enemy to fall back from the road and into the woods beyond. Tyler's men suffered severely, but the honors of repulsing the enemy belong to them."

Horace Greeley's American Conflict, Vol. 11, page 573:

"Lee threw forward Ewell against our weakened right held by Tyler's division of foot artillerists recently drawn from the defenses of Washington, by whom he was gallantly repulsed and driven off, though not without severe loss on our side. The reckless fighting of the Artillerists—mainly veterans in service but new to the field—excited general admiration, but cost blood."

CHAPTER IV

TO THE NORTH ANNA RIVER—CROSSING THE BRIDGE UNDER FIRE—THE TURN TO THE LEFT—THE CHICKAHOMINY AND BATTLE OF COLD HARBOR—CAPTAIN LUDDEN, A PRISONER THREE MINUTES—TRIBUTE TO COLONEL PORTER—SERGEANT JOSEPH SHAW.

Our regiment was now jointed to the second division of the Second Army Corps, and from Spottsylvania we turned to the left to participate in the great flank movement.

Some historians have it, the country over which the National army marched from Spottsylvania to the North Anna River was fertile and beautiful; I have no doubt of its fertility and it may have been beautiful. According to my recollections, our march was a circuitous one, the greater part of the way being through underbrush and heavy standing timber. The weather was very hot. I remember seeing some of our soldiers on their hands and knees crawling on the ground under the thick brush, suffering with sunstroke. One young lieutenant, sick and unable to keep up with his command, came up sometime in the night, crawled under a wagon and died there before morning.

When we arrived at the river under the flying shell from the Confederate batteries, we marched from one point to another as if in search of a fording place, but the banks were high and steep, and we received orders to cross on the plank bridge (a little further to our right, I think,—Tyler's bridge), to the south side, and move forward. Up to this time, Captain Ludden had not been with us in the field, having been detained as Judge of Court Martial at Baltimore, but he now came up and took command of Company L.

Our regiment had already begun to cross the bridge, with arms at right shoulder shift. At this place the Confederates had constructed strong works and posted batteries on the south bank, commanding the river. Some distance to the right of the bridge was a redan, from which, when we were fairly on the bridge, the enemy opened fire on us, cut our column in two, killing and wounding four men. "Trail arms!" was the immediate command, and the regiment moved on in perfect order.

On the north bank, at the right of the approach of the bridge, the Federals had posted a battery which immediately opened fire and silenced the Confederate guns, and we were troubled with them no more. The regiment filed to the left from the bridge, came to a front and marched in line up the hill and into the woods. The fighting continued till dark. We slept on our arms in the woods through the night and a very heavy rainfall drenched us.

The next morning, recrossing the river, we again turned to the left, the objective point being the Pamunkey River, a stream formed by the junction of the North and South Anna Rivers. We were constantly advancing, crossing streams and skirmishing, until in the night of June first, when we moved to the left upon Cold Harbor, a point ten or eleven miles from Richmond and where roads centered from Richmond, White-house, Besthesda Church, and Old Church. And from there many roads diverged also towards different crossings of the Chickahominy. The Second Division of Hancock's Cavalry (as the corps was called by reason of its agility), was about the last to reach Cold Harbor.

The sun was shining on the morning of the second day of June when our regiment arrived and took position on the left. We were the rear of the corps. This second day of June was occupied in placing troops and making preparations for an assault on the enemy's works. At night all was in readiness.

On the morning of the third, at the earliest dawn, the signal gun boomed forth its warning. Our army was at once in motion. A light rain was falling, and through the dim light we could see the gray uniforms, the rows of shining bayonets, and the enemy serenely waiting and watching our movements from behind strong fortifications.

Swiftly we advanced. The second division of the Second Corps occupied the left, and our regiment (Eighth New York Heavy Artillery), was the extreme left of the line.

We advanced over a divide or rise of ground. Between this high ground and the enemy's works was a swamp in which grew brush. The brush in places had been slashed, and in other places the tops were woven together, forming a network which, with water and mud, we were wading through, in places nearly body deep, proved a great obstruction to our advancing army.

Nearer the enemy's works the swamp grew wider; our command became separated. The Company to which I belonged moved at a left oblique into the woods and onto the higher ground, where we were immediately engaged with the enemy in a musket duel at short range. This was the right of General Lee's line and seemed to be strongly guarded, but owing to the large standing timber, the thick underbrush and their strong earthworks we could not well see our opponents. A good deal of the time our firing was necessarily at random. There was also thick and heavy timber at our left and rear. I feared an attack from that quarter more than our enemy in front. I was afterwards informed that Sheridan's Cavalry was guarding our left rear.

The morning light was dimmed with the mist when we began the advance. In a moment the battle was on and raging terrifically. The hour grew more gloomy, the air seemed completely filled with screaming, exploding shell and shot of all descriptions, and our soldiers were falling fast. The army seemed to melt away like a frost in the July sun. We were located where we could not advance

further, neither could we retreat without exposing the command or ascending a rise of ground which would expose us to the enemy.

Captain Ludden had led the Company in the charge, and in the present exposed condition ordered us to lie down. Lying close to the ground, some of us loading and firing, while others passed rails from an old fence which chanced to be a few rods in the rear, we placed the rails in line in front of us; then, with bayonet, knife or any other implement to be had, dug a trench, throwing the earth onto the rails as a protection against the enemy's musketry.

In the afternoon when the firing was more quiet, Captain Ludden ventured in front of our little works to see what the Johnnies were about. He had gone but a few yards into the brush when he discovered them, pointing their muskets in his face and claiming him for a prisoner. The Captain, not wishing to accept from the generous Johnnies an invitation to visit the Confederate capital and Libby prison, sprang into a clump of underbrush near by, the Johnnies sending a volley of musketry after him. Seizing the opportunity, he ran into our works, reaching us uninjured but in the midst of a shower of bullets. While in Chicago, in the fall of 1890, I met Major Ludden, (formerly Captain), and as we were talking of the days of the war, and the circumstances at Cold Harbor were mentioned, he remarked, "On that day I was a prisoner for just three minutes."

We remained in the hot sun, crouched down in the little works we had constructed, so close to the enemy as to be unable to get to the rear for water or any necessaries of life without a volley of musketry after us. We ourselves were equally watchful of them. Sharp skirmishing was a frequent occurrence on any part of the line, and no man could stand erect one single moment without forming a target for the enemy's guns. Our army struggled, persevered and constructed works to water. And here was conceived the idea of the Zigzag Trenches, through which, when complete, we returned to our original line.

For ten days and nights, in conversational distance, the Army of the Potomac confronted the flower of the Armies of the Confederacy, protected by its strong barrier. Yet our men were cheerful and joked at the enemy's shot and shell that passed over them and sped on its way, possibly to disturb a chance coffee cooler far in the rear.

Our regiment suffered severely in this engagement. Colonel Porter was killed early in the fight while leading the regiment in the charge on the enemy's works. General Tyler was wounded and carried from the field. Nearly all of the officers of the regiment were killed or wounded. Of the four lieutenants of Company L, we had not one—Captain Ludden alone was with us. The loss to our regiment at the next roll call was reported six hundred and eighty-four; later the official report gave it as five hundred and five.

Horace Greeley, in his "Great American Conflict," pays this fitting tribute to Colonel Porter: "Colonel Peter A. Porter, of Niagara Falls, (son of General Peter B. Porter, who served with honor in the war of 1812 and was Secretary of War under J. Q. Adams), in the prime of life and in the enjoyment of everything calculated to make life desirable, volunteered from a sense of duty, saying his country had done so much for him that he could not hesitate to do all in his power for her in her hour of peril. When nominated in 1863 as Union Candidate for Secretary of State, he responded that his neighbors had intrusted him with the lives of their sons and he could not leave them while the war lasted. He was but one among thousands animated by like motives; but none ever volunteered from purer impulses or served with more unselfish devotion than Peter A. Porter."

I wish to say at this point that I have kept in memory the valuable services rendered on that battlefield by Sergeant Joseph Shaw, of Company L, of the Eighth New York Heavy Artillery. It was he who, when others were reluctant, posted the pickets on those dark nights, not only of our own regiment but also the pickets of other regiments. The daring and efficient services bravely performed by him in the proximity of the hostile army should have entitled him at least to consideration of meritorious service.

This campaign was one of hardship to us all, but much more fatiguing to the Artillery regiments than to the Veterans who were accustomed to field service, by reason of

their having so long done garrison duty. The Artillerists were totally unaccustomed to marching and outdoor exposure. Our labors were unceasing; marching, maneuvering, skirmishing and battling was the order of the day and night. It seemed very clear that we were going to fight it out on this line if it took many summers.

CHAPTER V

IN THE SHADOW OF THE WILDERNESS—THE DAWN—GENERAL GRANT'S STRATEGY—SHERMAN AND THE WESTERN BOYS—SHERIDAN IN THE SHENANDOAH—HISTORIC MARCH—CHARGE THE ENEMY'S WORKS AT PETERSBURG—DEATH OF LIEUTENANT COLONEL BATES—CAPTAIN LUDDEN, A PRISONER, GOES TO RICHMOND—CAPTAIN LUDDEN'S RETURN TO THE REGIMENT—COLONELS MURPHY AND MCIVER—THE BOYS IN THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

At the beginning of my soldier life I had not the slightest conception of the magnitude of the war; and as we now seemed to be struggling between life and death for the supremacy, without perceptible gain, I had no thought of the end. No matter where we went, the enemy would be found, bristling out before us in his strong fortifications.

Information was not easily obtained and it seemed to me we must go on in this way to the end of time. I was deep in the shadow of the wilderness, yet the darkest hour was before dawn. We were continually moving to the left and around the enemy's right, each move carrying our lines farther South and pressing General Lee's army more closely within the last strongholds of the Confederacy.

General Grant was drawing his lines around the Rebel armies, like the coiling of Time around the human heart, Sherman, with his stalwart western boys, was successfully preparing the way for his march to the sea; and the dashing Sheridan, with his troopers, was soon to sweep like a cyclone the foe from the Shenandoah Valley and render it untenable for the life of a single crow.

On the night of the 12th of June, we left Cold Harbor and started on the famous and historic march for the south side of the James River. This gratified one of my greatest desires. It was the one opportunity during my time as a soldier in the United States service to see the Grand Army of the Potomac in motion.

From the Wilderness to Cold Harbor there was more or less skirmishing and fighting. Our movements were mostly under cover of heavy timber. We were unable to see a large portion of the army at any one time. From Cold Harbor to Petersburg we moved over an extensive open plain. At one elevated point I looked forward and back as far as the eye could reach. I was charmed with delight, and gazed intently upon the vibrating movements of that living column. It resembled the rippling waters of the restless ocean, or the undulated appearance of endless grain fields, ripe in the head, in the gentle breezes of summer. I regarded this sight as one of the greatest incidents of my life.

On the morning of the 16th of June we were in front and south of Petersburg. We had been marching three

days and nights. On the fourth night, the 15th of June, we were moving through heavy timber, feeling our way to Petersburg. We would stop, then march a little and stop a few minutes, then march again. I was very tired, and with two comrades I left the ranks and went into the woods, where we were not disturbed and enjoyed a good night's sleep. The regiment moved on about a mile and went into camp. We went up early in the morning. On our way we discovered a Confederate potato patch which the Yankee boys had not yet visited; the potatoes were Irish, but they were raised in America and were fine ones. I helped myself to a good supply, which I carried into camp and with them compromised matters with the Captain.

From the time of the arrival of our regiment in front of Petersburg we lay on the south side of a deep ravine, in which there was a good deal of dead and fallen timber, until late in the afternoon. A line of battle was formed; our regiment fell in, marched to the left and formed in line, Lieutenant Colonel Bates commanding.

Immediately in our front the ground which we must pass was open, with a gradual descent to a shallow ravine or dry run. This was about three hundred yards from us, with a bank on the opposite side, a few trees lining its edge, and beyond, an old cornfield. Along this ravine, under the protection of the trees, the Confederates had posted a strong skirmish line, under whose continuous musketry fire our battle line was formed.

At six o'clock the signal for the advance was given. Captain Ludden, with a smile, stepped in front and led the charge. We went on a run, not firing a shot until reaching the Confederate skirmish line, but swept over the descending ground like an avalanche. We crossed the ravine and gained a position on the cornfield. The Confederates fell back behind their strong works and kept up a brisk firing for some hours.

We lay on the ground among the old corn hills, under the artillery and musketry fire, until night spread its mantle of darkness over the field. When all was still save the picket firing, we began building breastworks. All night the men worked with pick and shovel. Not a word was spoken; not a whisper did I hear. When the sun arose next morning it shone brightly on the resulting works, a brief protection for our heroes, all along the line.

The casualties in this charge were less numerous than in previous engagements. Lieutenant Colonel Bates was killed in the advance, being the second regimental commander the Eighth New York Heavy Artillery had lost in the past thirteen days. Some soldiers were killed and a few were wounded.

The following day, June 17th, we again moved forward, established a line and built new works where we had a view of Petersburg's church spires.

On June 22d, while reconnoitering the enemy's position farther to the left, Captain S. D. Ludden was captured and taken to Richmond and confined in Libby Prison, from

which he escaped twice, and after tramping (as later the Major related to me) three hundred and forty miles in the enemy's country, concealing himself in the woods and brush through the day, depending on the slaves for something to eat to keep life in, and to be guided on his way at night by them, he succeeded in reaching the Union lines; he went home to his people in the State of New York, where he visited a few days, and then returned to the regiment for duty September 8th, 1864, the regiment then being near Petersburg.

In the latter part of the summer of 1864, by reason of hard service, and our number being greatly reduced, (to 438), we had no officer left us ranking higher than Captain. The responsibilities of our regiment were then entrusted to the care of Colonels Murphy and McIver, who commanded alternately, though I have no recollection of either of these Colonels commanding the regiment in battle, but we more frequently saw McIver than Murphy.

Now, I would not say that Murphy was not an Irishman, but McIver was a typical son of the Emerald Isle; he was said to have been a schoolmaster somewhere in the State of New York before the war, and a Governor's appointment to the army. However, there was one distinctive quality in his makeup we could safely bet on,—that he always maintained a magnificent appetite for the Commissary's beverage and we seldom, if ever, saw him without its influence; it was a common occurrence with the boys to express a desire to share the Colonel's sickness and medicine.

On one particular occasion he went with the regiment into the forest for the purpose of slashing and felling timber to entangle the footsteps of the Johnnies should they attempt to come in at our left rear. We had been working some hours when we were ordered to discontinue the work and return to our guns. When we lined up behind our musket stacks it seemed very clear to us, that during our absence the Colonel had had a spirited engagement with his beloved Commissary Department and the beverage had got the better of him. Unsettled in his saddle he appeared before us, reeling from side to side of his horse. He commanded: "Now lit yiz fall in! Now lit yiz stand fasht! Now don't lit yiz stir! Don't lit yiz break the stacks till yiz take arms!"

Sometimes the Colonel would be more heavily burdened than others, and occasionally he would take on a hypnotic jag; at such times he would be confined to his tent, and his loud and profanely educated voice would furnish a sufficient entertainment for the entire camp. Later the Colonel passed from my sight, and I do not remember seeing him in my last days with the regiment.

The Siege of Petersburg was long and laborious. We were ever on the alert, and we cannot forget that our time was fully occupied with the many requirements,—struggling for position, trenching and mining, advancing the line, building new works and maning them, with an occasional excursion to the Wheldon and Southside Railroads. Yet, notwithstanding the long and continuous contest about

Petersburg, the determination exhibited in battle and the tenaciously held positions, there was presented between the battles an inclination to friendliness,—ay, there existed a sympathy towards each other never known before in the history of the wars, among soldiers of two hostile armies. We talked freely back and forth on politics and of the aspiring candidates, and the flying of white flags on our earthworks became a frequent practice with us. So close were the opposing works in those days of long ago, that we often enjoyed exchanging visits midway between the lines, when friendly salutations were exchanged and good feeling manifested.

"The Yanks gave the Johnnies coffee,
Which they declared for months they had not seen;
The Johnnies gave the Yanks tobacco in return,
And in a brotherly way,
The boys in the blue and the gray
Drank from the same canteen."

Battle of Hatcher's Run

(Boydton Road)

October 27th and 28th, 1864

CHAPTER VI

LEAVING THE LINE IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG—MY DIFFICULTIES—THE NEW RECRUIT—ON THE FLANK—CAPTAIN LUDDEN IN COMMAND OF THE REGIMENT—DEATH OF LIEUTENANT FELLOWS—OFFICERS ASSEMBLE—REBEL BATTERY OPENS FIRE ON THE HOUSE—THE BOYS ON HORSE—WE CHARGE THE ENEMY—THE REBEL PRISONER—TWO BRIGADES TO THE REAR—MEMORIES OF GENERAL GRANT—BILLY MCCABE—THE RETROGRADE MARCH—THE WOUNDED LIEUTENANT—RETURN TO THE LINE IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG.

It was my good fortune as a soldier to be a member of the Eighth New York Heavy Artillery, but I am not egotistical enough to think our regiment did the most effective service of all regiments, neither do I think the war would not have successfully terminated without us, but I do think we had, in every respect, a splendid collection of moral young men, who were of good families; that we did our duty as well as we could, and averaged fairly well with other regiments as volunteer citizen soldiers.

On the evening of the 26th of October our regiment left the line in front of Petersburg and made a forced march toward Hatcher's Run, the object being to join our

corps, (the Second), and participate in a flank movement to the left for the capture of the Southside Railroad, which, if successful, would completely block the Confederate communications with the farther South, and would prevent General Lee from sending reinforcements to General Hood, whose army was then being driven about promiscuously through Georgia by General Sherman.

I had been stricken with fever, and although I had for a number of weeks performed the general routine, and my allotted duty with the regiment, I was greatly emaciated and seemingly could regain no strength. The fever had settled in my limbs, and my legs refused to carry my body. When passing over uneven or descending ground with necessary accoutrements, I was sure to fall to my knees, and my comrades often remarked my awkward appearance. So severe were my sufferings on that march, with my weak and painful joints, that I found it an agonizing difficulty to keep position and pace with the rapidly moving column. Had we been compelled to run to avoid capture, I would certainly have become a victim of Andersonville, or such-like horror, and suffered the fate of many and many a Union soldier who perished, inch by inch, under the inhuman cruelty of the system practiced in the Rebel starving corrals. A kindness of Captain Ludden greatly aided me through that fatiguing expedition. I had been a close friend of Captain Ludden's from our first meeting. I never knew him to use or handle liquor and I was not a liquor drinker myself. On this occasion there was procured and

carried with the Company a canteen of liquid,—which I thought was not all water; the medicine was administered to me (and one other sick boy) in homeopathic doses; it seemed to so strengthen my weakened body as to enable me to endure the hardship.

We hurried along over the narrow roads, hastily cut through the timber by the pioneers, and when night fell it was very dark in the deep forest. It was late when a small clearing was reached, where we were allowed to lie down for rest. Oh, how sweet were the sleeps of those vigilant and toilsome times! We were called before light to arise and cook coffee before recommencing our march.

We had with us a new recruit who had recently joined the Company. He had never before been on a march with us and evidently he had neglected to acquaint himself with the short order meal system. Most of us had drank coffee and were ready for duty when the order came to fall in line, but our new recruit had only begun to gather fuel to cook his coffee. The Sergeant called to him to fall in line, when the recruit exclaimed, "I can't go this time! I haven't had a bit of breakfast yet!" This brought a laugh from the boys and the recruit got quickly into line. The Company was soon in its place, and the regiment was on the move.

We had not gone more than a quarter of a mile when I heard the right of the regiment skirmishing sharply for a few moments. The rear companies pressed forward as rapidly as possible through the narrow road in the thick underbrush, but slightly cut. What the obstruction was I

did not learn, but the right of way was secured and the regiment moved on.

We soon passed out of the thick timber onto an opening thickly dotted with low pine shrubs. Company L was the extreme left of the regiment, and its rear platoon, under command of Sergeant Joseph Shaw, was ordered into the woods to guard the left flank and I was consigned to responsibilities of the most advanced picket post. Captain Ludden was assigned to command the regiment during the battle, and Company L was under the command of Lieutenant Darwin Fellows. Fellows was the first Orderly Sergeant of the Company. He was young and possessed fine, manly qualities; always cheerful in his duties, his smiling face and genial appearance never failed to bring sunshine among his associates. He had been wounded early in the campaign of that year and had returned to the regiment for duty but a few days before starting on our Hatcher's Run raid, and with this eventful day terminated his soldiering on earth. On that bloody field he fought his last battle; he passed to the Beyond and joined the silent majority.

We remained on the flank until near midday, when we received orders to call in the pickets and join our command, which was soon to take part in a general forward movement. After arriving on the battle line we were standing awaiting orders, when the officers on horseback, as many as ten or twelve in number, assembled for consultation near us and in the rear of a small dwelling house. A Confederate battery immediately opened fire on the house,

when the officers were compelled to quickly fly in all directions. I think there were no officers hurt; a few soldiers and some of our regiment who were near the house were killed, and some were wounded, and we all went to the ground. Sergeant Ewell, of Company L, had an arm severed at the elbow, which resulted in his death a few days later.

Our line of battle was formed athwart the Boydton Road. This road was a public highway in time of peace and was protected on each side by an old-fashioned rail fence. The land at the right and left of the road for some distance, and to the Run in our front, was clear. We formed in line at the right of the road between the house I have mentioned, a small, unpainted house on the left, and a small rough looking barn on the right of the road, and about one-quarter of a mile from the bridge where the Boydton Road crosses the Run, and where the Confederates held their works.

Hatcher's Run is a small stream rising at or near the Southside Railroad, and when it is supplied with a sufficient amount of water it flows in a southeasterly direction and empties into the Rowanty Creek, a tributary of the Nottaway.

While we were lying awaiting orders, the Confederate skirmish line advanced and commenced firing on us. Without orders we fired on them. A squadron of cavalry was then brought up to hold the skirmishers back, but it appeared to me they were not anxious to participate in the

game. These cavalrymen, for some mysterious cause, seemed reluctant to go forward; though they were once induced to go out in front of the barn, they could not be gotten into line nor to deploy as skirmishers, and the man who seemed to be in command was not more eager to combat than were the others. When his men were crowding like a flock of scared sheep with wolves on all sides, I heard him say to them, "Now, hold the line firm!" He then put spurs to his horse and galloped to the rear. One trooper received a slight wound and the entire squadron helped the wounded man back behind the lines, and I saw them no more.

My dear Comrades, I have never doubted the bravery and good soldierly qualities of those men under the command of a gallant and efficient officer, and in noting these details I would not have one feel that I would censure the cavalry. It was an act in the drama, and to me it was an amusing incident. So deeply was I absorbed in the maneuvers of those boys on horse, that I sat intently watching them, and had forgotten the Rebel skirmishers, until I was aroused from my reverie by the flying bullets about us and the knowledge of wounds received by two comrades who were very near me. I have no inclination to speak disparagingly of my comrades; I only wish to mention what I saw while we were there under fire. I am grateful to the cavalry for their unfailing devotion to the cause; I know that arm did a great deal of effective service and much to hasten the end of the conflict.

When the cavalry left our front, the Confederates had advanced within about one hundred yards of us and we were ordered to charge them. We moved forward at the right of the road, firing as we went. The Confederates made a brief stand, but as we drew nearer they ran away and left us their works. Some of us crossed over from the right to the left of the road and occupied the works at the left of the bridge crossing the Run. The remainder of the regiment occupied the defenceless line at the right of the road.

When the heat of the charge had abated and we were in possession of the Confederate works, I discovered a Rebel a short distance in front of us, who evidently had not gotten a good send-away with the others, and was left at the post. He was hiding behind an old and barkless stump of a tree that was so near the color of his dirty gray uniform that it was difficult to decide whether he was a man or a twin stump. After considering the matter a few moments, I raised my Springfield and invited the Johnny into our lines,—an invitation he so meekly and politely accepted that I came to the conclusion that he was better pleased to be a prisoner in the Federal lines than to be a soldier in the ranks of the Confederates.

After turning my prisoner over to the guard to be taken to the rear, I engaged in firing on a Confederate battery located in the woods and near the road. It was immediately in front of us and was trying to shell us out. Artillery and musket firing was again begun and was impetuously

kept up, and we were kept on the alert. Rain was falling, and the Condeferates were continually making demonstrations on our front. Four different times they charged us, and four different times we sent them hastily back to shelter.

We could hear the constantly running trains on the Southside and Wheldon Railways, hurrying forward Confederate troops from Richmond and Petersburg until our little army was almost surrounded. The steady roar of musketry was now kept up on our right and rear; our left rear was a dense forest; we still had a strong force in our front, and the coming result was a conundrum difficult to solve. Some brigades were forced to face to the right and charge the enemy; while two brigades of noble fellows, to whom we were largely indebted for deliverance from that cowpen, were compelled to face to the rear and fight, as *only Americans can*, and after a severe and prolonged struggle they succeeded in repulsing a large part of Hill's corps that had captured a Federal battery, recapturing our lost guns, taking a large number of prisoners and several Confederate flags, and opening an avenue to the rear. And Night was again upon us!

***Memoirs of Gen. Grant, Vol. II, Pages 586-7.**

"The second corps, followed by two divisions of the Fifth Corps, with the cavalry in advance and covering our left flank, forced a passage at Hatcher's Run, and moved up the south side of it towards the Southside Railroad, until the Second Corps and part of the cavalry reached the Boydton Plank Road where it

BILLY M'CABE DEFYING THE JOHNNIES.

crossed Hatcher's Run. At this point we were six miles distant from the Southside Railroad, which I had hoped by this movement to reach and hold, but finding that we had not reached the end of the enemy's fortifications, and no place presenting itself for a successful assault by which he might be doubled up and shortened, I determined to withdraw within our fortified line. Orders were given accordingly. Immediately upon receiving a report that General Warren had connected with General Hancock, I returned to my headquarters. Soon after I left, the enemy moved out across Hatcher's Run in the gap between Generals Hancock and Warren, which was not closed as reported, and made a desperate attack on General Hancock's right and rear. General Hancock immediately faced his corps to meet it, and after a bloody combat drove the enemy within his works and withdrew that night to his old position."

The works we had captured on the Run were a trench with earth banked up about three feet high. Late in the afternoon, when the enemy had ceased charging our front and the fight was raging on our right and rear, Billy McCabe, of the Eighth New York, cooked coffee and declared he would sit on the embankment and drink it, and defy the Johnnies to hit him. This was an act entirely uncalled for and some of us strongly opposed it, but all our remonstrances proved of no avail. He, with tin cup in hand, climbed upon the works and there seated himself, with his feet hanging down towards the enemy. He was sipping his coffee, apparently as unconcerned as if at home in the State of New York, enjoying a day with a picnic party. The bullets were flying around him, and occasionally some-

one would say, "Billy, you had better come in!" but he was heedless of all warnings. Later, a bullet passed through the sleeve of his blouse, yet he sat unmoved, and when he had finished his coffee he leisurely climbed down and walked in, unhurt.

We held our position at the Run until after dark, when fire was started on different parts of the field and our retrograde march through the thick woods was begun. What a march we experienced! Rain had fallen during the latter part of the day and the ground was soft in the timber, and badly cut up by the moving cavalry and artillery that had passed before us. The night was one of the darkest of history; nothing could be seen on our road through the forest,—not a star in the heavens nor an opening in the clouds above us. I have thought that night would have fairly compared with the description a Canadian once gave me of the darkest thing he ever saw, which he related in this way:

"The darkest scene of my life I experienced when I was one night in Montreal, a good many years ago. In those days there were no street lights of any kind and the business places were lighted with tallow candles. It was the dark of the moon and there was not a star to be seen; the clouds were low, dark and threatening, and in the darkness appeared a black man dressed in black, bereft of sight, and with a dark lantern. He was searching a dark alley for a family of black cats."

Nevertheless, we wandered on through the woods until daybreak. The morning sun was bright and the day was clear and pleasant, with the dust settled and the atmosphere much improved by the refreshing rain. Late in the morning I came up with some soldiers of our regiment who were resting with a stretcher at the roadside. Upon inquiring the meaning, I was informed that Lieutenant George Rector, of Company F, had the day before been seriously wounded, and up to that time no ambulance could be obtained. Those boys had carried the disabled comrade all through that dark night, hoping to place him in a doctor's care, and they were well-nigh exhausted. Lieutenants E. K. Sage, George Freelove and one other comrade, all of Company L, volunteered, and assisted Company F's boys, and they carried the Lieutenant several miles further, when a conveyance was secured to take him to the hospital.

On the night of the 29th of October we were again back on the line in front of Petersburg.

CHAPTER VII

Some of the Reasons Why the Comrades are Clinging Together Today.

Thirty-nine years have come and gone since the date that appears at the head of this narrative, and yet it seems not long ago when we were engulfed in the depths of a cruel Civil War, and the loyal men all over the land were associated together in arms for the preservation of the life and integrity of our country. We hope those days may never come again. They are long past. But the occurrences are still retained in the memory of the surviving participants; and to me, even in these late days, there is no literature more interesting and entertaining, though there are many sad features to look upon, than the reminiscences of the truly war-experienced comrades of the stormy days of the sixties. On the minds of those tried veterans are indelibly stamped the sufferings and privations undergone for love of country,—their true and unfailing affection for Freedom and Union.

While there were some amusements in camp life, of which we knew but little in the last year of the war, there were the experiences of all kinds of weather; the hardships and exposures of the long, hurried marches through the

rain, snow and mud, or the broiling sun and stifling dust; the vigilant and sleepless nights; and we will say nothing of meeting our opponents, and the heroic and chivalrous deeds performed on the many battlefields; all of which are realized and thoroughly understood *only* by the war-experienced *veterans*. How their old blood runs young again and their dim eyes grow bright as they relate their adventurous experiences to each other and mentally fight over anew the battles of long gone days!

These are some of the reasons why the comrades who fought in that bloody war are clinging together today, and why they like to meet at the Post, and why they enjoy attending the annual Encampment. There they meet their old and grizzled-haired comrades, who, when but boys long years ago, had shared their fortunes in war, and had stood by them in the fight amid the storms of raking shot and shell, and together they followed "Old Glory's" streaming colors into the gaping jaws of Hell!

Those are the heroes who protected our country's flag and bore it in triumph from many a battlefield, crimson and gory, and whose valor saved the Nation from shame and disgrace, and placed it in safety and honor, on its illustrious pedestal of glory!

Eighth New York Heavy Artillery

(129th Infantry)

Volunteers

OFFICIAL REPORTS

COMPILED FROM THE SERIES OF VOLUMES OFFICIAL RECORDS

OF THE

UNION AND CONFEDERATE ARMIES

WAR OF THE REBELLION

Published Under the Directions of the
HON. DANIEL S. LAMONT,
Secretary of War,
1893.

CHAPTER VIII

Albany, N. Y., Aug. 22nd, 1862.

HON. E. M. STANTON, *Secy. of War.*

Sir:

Will the War Dept. turn over to me, for immediate issue, 10,000 Springfield rifled muskets with accoutrements? If this is done I will endeavor to obtain the consent of our State Comptroller to issue to our troops an equal number of Enfield, caliber .58, provided the Government will immediately reimburse the State cost and charges therefor. We have no infantry accoutrements; those offered to me by Captain Crispin are not adapted to our arms.

The 111th (Auburn) Col. Segoine, passed here this morning. The 117th (Rome) Col. Pearce, is just leaving the Albany dock. The 120th (Kingston) Col. Sharp, and 129th (Lockport) Col. Porter, both leave camp tomorrow, the former via New York, the latter via Elmira. Others will follow as fast as railroad can transfer them.

E. D. MORGAN.

Albany, N. Y., Aug. 23, '62.

HON. EDWIN M. STANTON, *Secy. of War*:

The 117th Reg't. Col. Pearce, passed this city last evening en route for Washington. The 129th regiment

left Lockport for Washington, via Elmira, at 2 P. M. today.

THOS. HILLHOUSE, *Adjt. General.*

The One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Regiment, New York Volunteer Infantry, Col. Peter A. Porter, Lieut. Col. W. W. Bates, arrived at Baltimore, Md., August, 1862; was transformed into Artillery December, 1862, and was afterwards known as the Eighth Regiment, New York Volunteer Heavy Artillery.

It was brigaded January 31st, 1863, with Eighth Army Corps, headquarters Cockeyville. Forts, Federal Hill, McHenry and Marshall and York, Pennsylvania. Department of Baltimore, defenses of Washington, D. C.

EIGHTH NEW YORK HEAVY ARTILLERY JOINS SECOND ARMY CORPS AT SPOTTSYLVANIA.

May 17th, 1864, the Eighth New York Heavy Artillery joined the Second Division, Second Army Corps. May 19th, by special order No. 139, Tyler's Division, consisting of the First Maine, First Massachusetts, Second, Seventh and Eighth Regiments New York Heavy Artillery, and Thirty-sixth Regiment Wisconsin Infantry, was assigned to the second Army Corps.

May 29th the Corcoran Legion and Eighth New York Heavy Artillery were formed into a Fourth Brigade of the Second Division, Second Army Corps, and later the Eighth New York Heavy Artillery joined the Second Brigade of

the Second Division. With this command it participated in the following battles:

Spottsylvania, May 19th; North Anna River, May 23d and 24th; Tolopotomy, May 28th, 29th, 30th, and June 1st; Cold Harbor, June 2d to 12th; Petersburg, (charge,) June 16th; Siege of Petersburg; Jerusalem Road, June 22d, 23d and 24th; Deep-bottom, July 28th and 29th; Strawberry Plains, August 14th and 15th; Deep-bottom, August 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th; Ream Station, August 25th; Hatcher's Run, (Boydton Road,) October 27th and 28th; with numerous skirmishes and engagements of less importance.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF MAJOR GEN. JOHN GIBSON, COM'D 2D DIVISION, 2ND ARMY CORPS.

THE BATTLE OF COLD HARBOR.

May 27th left North Anna for Pamunkey River; crossed next day, near Hanover. Took position on the left. On the 30th took position on Tolopotmy Creek, driving the enemy's skirmishers; next day advanced. Constant skirmishing and cannonading was going on in our front until the night of the first of June, when the division was withdrawn and reached Cold Harbor the next morning at six o'clock. Took position on left of Sixth Corps. The loss to the Division in the assault was sixty-five officers and 1032 men killed and wounded. The gallant Col. Porter, Eighth New York Heavy Artillery, fell only a few yards from the

enemy's works, surrounded by the dead of his regiment, which, although new to the work, fought like veterans.

From the third to the twelfth the Division, in perfecting position and pushing forward works toward the enemy, was constantly under fire both cannon and musketry, day and night, losing some 280 officers and men killed and wounded. During these twelve days the labors and military duty of the Division were of the hardest kind and performed under the most disadvantageous circumstances, confined for ten days in narrow trenches with no water to wash with and none to drink except that obtained at the risk of losing life; unable to obey a call of nature or to stand erect without forming target for hostile bullets, and subject to the heat and dust of midsummer which soon produced sickness and vermin, the position was indeed a trying one, but all bore it cheerfully and contentedly, constructed covered ways down to the water and to the rear and joked at the hostile bullets as they whistled over their heads to find, perhaps, a less protected target far in the rear of the lines. I regard this as having been the most trying period of this most trying campaign.

To give some idea in regard to the losses and services of the Division during this eventful campaign, it becomes necessary to refer to certain facts.

The Division left camp May 3d, with three brigades, numbering in the aggregate 6,799. At Spottsylvania Court-house, May 16th, it was joined by the Corcoran Legion, 1,521, and the Thirty-sixth Wisconsin, Col. F. A. Haskell,

765; on the next day by the Eighth New York Heavy Artillery, Col. Peter A. Porter, 1,654, and during the first two weeks in June was further increased by 323; total, 11,062.

Its losses up to July 30th were: Killed, 77 officers and 971 men; total, 1,048. Wounded, 202 officers and 3,825 men; total, 5,075, or forty-six per cent. of the whole strength in killed and wounded alone. The Brigades have had seventeen different commanders, of whom three have been killed and six wounded. Of the 279 officers killed and wounded, forty were regimental commanders. These facts serve to demonstrate the wear and tear of the Division.

* * * * * * * *

REPORT OF MAJOR ERASTUS M. SPAULDING, COMMANDING EIGHTH NEW YORK HEAVY ARTILLERY, JUNE 16TH-29TH. CHARGE ON PETERSBURG.

Charged enemy's works June 16th; advanced within fifty yards of the works, held that position and intrenched during the night. On the morning of June twenty-second, took position near Jerusalem Plank Road, remained there until about four p. m. under fire of a rebel battery. About five p. m. charged and attempted to retake the lost works; advanced to within a few yards of the works and held position there until dark and intrenched in the night under severe picket fire. On the morning of the twenty-third advanced and occupied the works which the enemy had abandoned; evening of the twenty-third, withdrew a mile;

threw up intrenchments until about ten p. m., when we again advanced to occupy our second line of intrenchments. Twenty-fifth, removed to the left to occupy front line, which we did until three p. m. of the twenty-seventh, then marched to Deep Bottom. At nine p. m. of the twenty-ninth, returned to position before Petersburg.

BATTLE OF REAM STATION.

In regard to the battle of Ream Station and the misfortune that befell the Eighth New York Heavy Artillery on that eventful August day, (25th), 1864, I know no words more fitting or explanatory than those contained in the following official reports of the different officers who were in command:

REAM STATION—REPORT OF COL. MURPHY.

Headquarters 2nd Brigade, 2nd Division,
2nd Army Corps.

The 155th and 117th New York Vols. being engaged with the enemy on the right, the rest of the command still occupied the rifle pits. Myself having been to the right, they were moved to the left. While so situated they had to cross the rifle pits as many as four times, being forced to do so by the enemy's fire which at one time would come from the rear and then change again to the front. The Brigade remained in this position until the advance on our front and flank made the capture of the greater part of the command very probable if it had not retired, which was

executed in any way but the best order. The Eighth New York Heavy Artillery on its right had a hand to hand fight with the enemy, losing their colors after retaking them from the enemy.

COL. MATHEW MURPHY,
Com'd. 2nd Brigade, 2nd Division, 2nd Army Corps.

Ream Station: Headquarters, 2nd Division,
2nd Army Corps, Near Petersburg, Va. Aug. 30th, 1864.

The enemy broke through Gen'l Miles' line, his fire taking my line in reverse. I shifted my men to the opposite side of the parapet; soon after the enemy attacked my line, the men again shifted to the inside of the parapet. Besides the fire from the front they were subjected to a heavy artillery and musketry fire from the right flank where the enemy turned our own guns upon us. The men soon gave way in great confusion and gave up the breastworks. * * * * * * *

MAJ. GEN. JOHN GIBBON,
Com'd. 2nd Division, 2nd Army Corps.

GEN'L ORDER NO. 63.

Headquarters, 2nd Div., 2nd Army Corps. Aug. 30, 1864.

The following named regiments having lost their regimental colors in action, are hereby deprived of the right to carry colors until by their conduct in battle they show themselves competent to protect them; Eighth New York Heavy Artillery, 164 New York Volunteers, 36 Wisconsin Volunteers.

MAJ. GEN. JOHN GIBBON,
Commanding Second Division.

LETTER OF MAJOR GEN. HANCOCK

Headquarters, 2nd Corps,
LIEUT. COL. T. S. BOWERS, Sept. 28, 1864.
Asst. Adj. Gen.

Colonel:

I have the honor to solicit your attention to the inclosed copy of an order published by Major General Gibbon on the 30th ultimo, with my indorsement thereon, and to the printed orders of the Major General commanding the Army of the Potomac, confirming and approving General Gibbon's order.

It will be seen that General Gibbon deprived three regiments of his Division of the privilege of bearing colors (they having lost their colors at the battle of Ream Station, August 25th); that I approved of the principle, but requested that if it was adopted the rule might be made general, and affect other corps as well as my own; and, finally, that General Meade overruled my suggestion and singled these regiments,—the Eighth New York Heavy Artillery, One Hundred and Sixty-fourth New York Volunteers, and Thirty-sixth Wisconsin Volunteers,—to be published to the Army as having rendered themselves unworthy to carry colors: this without regard to the fact that in the same action other regiments of my command lost colors, and that but a few days before several regiments of another corps had met with the same misfortune.

Under the circumstances, I respectfully submit that these regiments have been proceeded against with unneces-

sary severity and a slur cast upon the corps which I have the honor to command, which, in view of the past, might well be omitted.

It is, perhaps, known to you that this Corps never lost a gun nor a color previous to this campaign, though oftener and more desperately engaged than any other corps in this Army, or perhaps any other in the country. I have not the means of knowing the number of guns or colors captured, but I saw myself nine in the hands of one Division at Antietam, and the official reports show that thirty-four fell into the hands of the corps at Gettysburg. Before the opening of this campaign it had at least captured over half a hundred colors from the enemy, and never yielded one, though at a cost of 25,000 casualties. During the campaign you can judge how well the Corps has performed its part. It has captured more guns and colors than all the Army combined. Its reverses have not been many, and they began only when the Corps had dissolved to a remnant of its former strength; after it had lost 25 Brigade Commanders and over 125 Regimental Commanders, and over 20,000 men.

I submit that with the record of this Corps, that it is the highest degree unjust by a retrospective order to publish a part of it as unworthy to bear colors. It is not necessary to speak more particularly as to the injustice done to these regiments. The principle discussed covers their case. I may say, however, that these regiments first saw service in the field after the battle of Spottsylvania.

At Cold Harbor the Colonel of the Thirty-sixth Wisconsin, as gallant a soldier as ever lived, fell dead on the field, as did the Colonel of the Eighth New York Heavy Artillery. The Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixty-fourth New York fell mortally wounded beside his flag on the breastworks of the enemy. These regiments have since that time suffered severely. One of them, at least, having lost two commanding officers.

I respectfully request that their colors may be restored to them. They are entitled to the same privilege as other regiments,—that is, the right to strive to avoid the penalties of General Order No. 37, current series, headquarters Army of the Potomac.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

WINF'D S. HANCOCK,

Maj. General of Volunteers.

Hatcher's Run, or Boydton Road.

Operations, October 27th and 28th, 1864.

REPORT OF BRIG. GEN'L EGAN.

The result of these operations are that my command has captured prisoners, captured one and recaptured two guns; captured three colors and many commissioned officers, and, by the admission of the enemy, killed a Rebel gen'l officer. I beg to mention the Thirty-six Wisconsin, Eighth New York Heavy Artillery and One Hundred and

Sixty-Fourth New York Volunteers. No troops could have done better.

BRIG. GEN. THOMAS W. EGAN,
Com'd Second Division.

REPORT OF COL. JAMES WILLETT, COM'D. 2ND BRIGADE, 2ND DIV., 2ND ARMY CORPS.

Sir:

Since making my report of the part taken by the Second Brigade, 2nd Div., 2nd Army Corps, in the operations of the twenty-seventh instant, I have learned the following additional particulars which I desire to submit, viz:

Captain T. J. Burk, 164 New York Volunteers, reports as follows: That after the 2nd Brig. had occupied the hill on Berger's farm, and the 3rd Brig. had united on the right, he saw the line advancing, and believing it to be the whole line, he also moved forward upon the left of the 3rd Brig. and entering the woods, soon found himself, with ten men of his Company, in rear of the enemy's works, who were hastily evacuating the same, and captured one twelve-pounder gun and one small caisson, which, being unable to remove, they broke off the axles of the gun carriage, and threw the gun into the stream, which he called Hatcher's Creek; that they drew off the caisson and afterwards reported the capture to Brig. Gen. Egan, Com'd. 2nd Div., 2nd Corps. This is a part of the command that is deprived of carrying colors.

COL. JAMES WILLETT,
Com'd. 2nd Brig., 2nd Div., 2nd Army Corps.

REPORT OF THOMAS A. SMITH, BRIG. GEN'L, COM'D. 3RD BRIGADE, 2ND DIV., 2ND ARMY CORPS.

Hatcher's Run, on the left, Oct. 27 and 28, 1864.

It is due to the officers and men of the Eighth New York Heavy Artillery, and One Hundred and Sixty-fourth New York Volunteers, to mention their unexceptionable conduct and their anxiety to perform duty.

THOMAS A. SMITH, Brig. Gen'l.

GEN'L. ORDER NO. 41.

Hdqrs. Army of the Potomac, Nov. 7th, 1864.

The Eighth New York Heavy Artillery, One Hundred and Sixty-fourth New York Volunteers, Thirty-six Wisconsin Volunteers, having been reported to the Maj. Gen'l Commanding as having behaved with distinguished bravery during the engagement of Oct. 27th, 1864, on Hatcher's Run, he takes pleasure in restoring to those gallant regiments the right to carry colors, of which they were deprived by his Gen'l Order No. 37, of Sept. 23rd, 1864.

* * * * * * * * *

By Command of MAJOR GENERAL MEADE,

S. WILLIAMS, Asst. Adjt. Gen'l.

America's Heroes of Freedom

TRIBUTE TO THE VETERANS OF THE CIVIL WAR, AS READ
BY THE AUTHOR, AT THE ANNUAL PICNIC
OF THE VETERANS
AND WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS ASSOCIATION
HELD AT URBITA SPRINGS,
CALIFORNIA.

OCTOBER 16th
1902

CHAPTER IX

TWO SCORE YEARS—LEE AND THE TWO JOHNSONS—SENATORS AND REPRESENTATIVES—BRAVE MEN WEPT—SEIZED FORTS AND ARSENALS—GRANT AND SHERMAN—LOGAN'S ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE GOVERNMENT—THE PRESIDENT'S CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS—BATTLE OF BULL RUN—INCREASE OF THE ARMY TO FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND—FOUR LONG YEARS—THE ENEMIES' COUNTRY—ALL THE SAME GNAWED HARD-TACK—AN ARMY OF PATRIOTS—OUR COUNTRY COULD NOT BE DIVIDED—INVINCIBLE ARMY—GATHERING OF THE VETERANS—TIES THAT BIND MEN MOST CLOSELY TO EACH OTHER—THE FALLEN COMRADES—AMERICA WE LOVE THY NAME.

Comrades, veterans and heroes of the stormy days of the Rebellion: I am unable adequately to express the gratitude I feel for the pleasure I have enjoyed on the many occasions that I have been permitted to meet with you in the different annual reunions and other social gatherings. Many years have passed since we were soldier boys; but I assure you that during all those years I have kept a sacred, affectionate remembrance of my associates in arms, and all seem to grow nearer and dearer to me with each succeeding year.

The time has now arrived when we can look back two-score years to the breaking out of the war. To us the time seems short; but a generation has grown up since then, and to that later generation those times seem unnatural and unreal. They were real to those who lived in them, who loved their country and feared for its safety. Could there be a doubt of reality when such men as Robert E. Lee, who was chief of Scott's staff in Mexico, and who was considered the most prominent officer in the United States service, and the two Johnsons, Albert S. and Joseph E., left the Union and united their fortunes with Secession; when such war-hardened veterans as General Scott wept bitter tears for the country's peril; when Senators and Representatives were leaving their seats, and others remaining only to aid rebellion and defeat the Government; when men looked in each other's faces and knew not who was friend and who was foe?

Strong and brave men wept and knew not which way to turn, hoping and praying that some chance would yet avert war. But it came, and those with military education and all others had to choose; some believing their fortune lay with the Southern cause, while others remained loyal to the Union.

The Southerners having early seized the national forts and arsenals and carried their contents to the South, the Government was totally without implements of war. Many officers who had received the benefit of the Military Acad-

emy at West Point at the expense of the United States, and had sworn to support the national authority, had left the army and gone to the South. The army was very insufficient, numbering about fifteen thousand men of all arms. General Scott was feeble with years, and there having been no active service other than Indian chasing on the frontiers since the Mexican troubles, it was not known who among the Union sympathizers was competent to command an army if we had one, and the country was on the verge of ruin.

But in those gloomy days we were refreshed to hear that Sherman had announced to the State of Louisiana that he could not be with it in rebellion, and it was good and noble of Grant at Galena to come out and say, "I am for the old flag." Grant was engaged in the leather trade in an insignificant little river town in Illinois, and Sherman was president of a military academy in Louisiana, and little was known to the country of either of the two men, as they had not been connected with the army for some years. But both had received a military education at West Point, and their declaration for the Union was a spark of hope for the loyal people of the North, who were just beginning to awaken from their torpor in regard to the tempest that was gathering in the South, and to look about for leaders. A generation had grown up unused to war, and peacefully following their vocations in pursuit of an honest livelihood they could not realize that war was

imminent, until the mouths of the belching rebel batteries at Charleston were opened upon the garrison in Fort Sumter.

Later, John A. Logan, a very brilliant and able young lawyer and statesman, who commanded the minds of the people of a large portion of the State of Illinois, and who had not yet expressed his sentiments in regard to the differences; but seemed inclined to favor the Southern cause, gave great relief and encouragement to the Government, by delivering a speech before the adjournment of the special session of Congress, convened by President Lincoln, July 4, 1861, in which he proclaimed his undying loyalty and devotion to the Union.

On the 15th of April, 1861, the day after the fall of Fort Sumter, the President called for seventy-five thousand volunteers for three months, to suppress an armed rebellion. On May 15th of the same year the first call was made for volunteers for three years' service. This first call was for one hundred and fifty thousand men; and on July 22nd, the day after the battle of Bull Run, the President was authorized to increase the army to five hundred thousand, volunteers to be enrolled for the period of three years or during the war. Each call for volunteers was promptly answered, quotas were filled without hesitation, recruiting continued in the year 1862, and an army was organized to put down a thoroughly established and determined rebellion.

For four long years the men of that army struggled and persevered through unprecedented disadvantages in a civil war that has no equal in the history of nations. In an enemy's country where officers and men alike were entirely unacquainted, where the inhabitants were hostile to them but friendly to the enemy, through the darkness of night, and the dust, heat and glare of the day, they marched through fog and mire, forests and tangled underbrush, across trackless fields, into burning woods suffocating with smoke, waded through noisome swamps and swam and forded rivers.

They felled forests and built bridges and corduroy roads, and toiled on forced marches with insufficient food. They suffered long periods without rest or sleep. Often the enemy's lines were within one hundred yards of their own. They were alert and watchful, constantly on the lookout for surprises, their nerves always strung to a high tension.

Together they bore the burden day after day, night after night and months and years, through wet and dry weather, through heat and cold. They shared the same bed on the cold wet ground in drenching rains, in frost and snow, often without a single blanket, all in the so-called "Sunny South."

Often they had not time to cook their food; but all the same they gnawed on the almost petrified hard-tack, cooked when they could or tried to cook, the reluctant beef,

which was subdued only by penetrating with a sharpened stick and holding in the blaze of a pitch-pine fire till it was black with smoke and unfit to eat, and drank water from the fetid ponds through which many herds of army beef cattle had waded and appeased their thirst.

They complained a little at times, but usually accepted with grace whatever was provided for them, and were at all times ready to meet the foe and stand before the death-dealing implements of war, and face the storm of battle, until the enemy was driven behind his last strong fortifications, and finally forced to surrender.

None but the soldier knows how severely the fatigue of such campaigns affects the spirit, the valor and the endurance of men and wears out the indispensable vital forces.

In all time to come, with pride the grateful people of a nobly preserved Republic can look bock upon that body of representative soldiers as an army of patriots, coming from many different States and Territories, who left their firesides, their homes and all that was dear to them, sacrificed all future prospects, went forth at their country's call to battle for the integrity of the nation, to maintain the union of States, that our America should not sink into infamy, or be divided into two angry sections to remain hostile to the end of time. Our country could not be divided, and if there must be fighting they chose to fight it out then and not bequeath it to their children.

Of the men who filled the ranks and made the invincible army when the flag was in danger, who can say who was chiefest? All were heroes, the bravest of the brave.

I regard it as a privilege to be permitted to look upon the gatherings of those veterans, though the scene recalls many sad experiences of dark and troubled days. We cherish the recollections of those with whom we shared in close familiarity the hazardous life we once lived, when all felt equally the privations and exposures; when no one life for one single moment was safe from the enemy's guns, the ever vigilant sharp-shooters, the flying shot and shell. None but themselves know why they rejoice at meeting their old comrades to spend a few hours in their companionship and in the exchange of those cordial greetings which express the fondness and love they bear to each other.

There are no ties that bind men more closely to each other than the experiences and the vicissitudes they pass through, the hardships they are compelled to withstand and share in defending their country's rights in war. It is a bond of affection that cannot be severed even when they answer the last long roll-call.

We love the comrades who fell on the many different battlefields, others who faded from our sight in sickness, and those who have departed this life since the restoration of peace. All were sincere in the struggle for the preservation of their beloved country.

America, thy sons have served thee well,
Though the misery cost, no tongue can tell,
From loved and sacred ties thy peril drew
The patriots of the sixties, tried and true,
Hail the heroes who have glorious victories won,
God bless them, each and every one,
Who in freedom's name, to dare and do,
Have nobly fought their country's battles through.

America, my country, we love thy name,
Thou hast been restored to thy dome of fame,
Land of the noble, true and brave,
Land now free, was once home of the slave,
May thy dear old banner ever honored be,
Whither it may go, on land or on sea,
Peace, happiness and prosperity to thee,
America, my country, sweet home of liberty.

Poems

CHAPTER X

These verses were written for the occasion, and read by the author at the annual picnic of the Veterans', and Woman's Relief Corps Association of San Bernardino county, California, held at Urbita Springs, Oct. 20th, 1904.

OUR SOCIAL MEETING DAY.

Again we have met, the boys of the Blue,
To while a few hours in play,
To review the old scenes, talk of the army beans,
And the boys who obstructed our way.
Though many a year has come and gone,
And our locks have grown thin and gray,
The past is vividly before the Veteran,
On our social meeting day.

We see the dreaded storm approaching
And the martialed hosts arrayed,
Hastening to the field of conflict,
On those bright morns of our youthful days.
We hear the parting prayers of our dear ones,
That shall guide us on our way,
Our country calls,—"To arms! To arms!"
We can no longer with them stay.

The foe presses on, with impetuous fury,
Determined, in his might, to gain all sway;
Vantage inclining now to the Southland,
And again, the tide we stay.
Brave commanders ride in the thick of the fight;
Our depleted columns are giving way!
The bayonet boys charge; we advance in fierce array;
Behold the deeds of valor; we are sure to win the day.

We hear the resounding cry of Victory!
We repeat it o'er and o'er,
And it rolls across the continent
From the Atlantic to the Pacific shore,
Proclaiming joy for the bondman,
In the land we shall restore,
And we hurrah for dear old Union
And the Flag we all adore.
All are fresh to the memory of the Veterans,
And the boys are boys once more.

Some tell us we are old and forgotten,
Our services are not needed more;
The days of the sixties are long passed,
The carnage and strife is o'er.
'Tis true, we are aged and crippled, too,
We obtain but little succor,
The days will come, and the fife and drum
Shall recall our deeds of yore.

Our soldiering on earth is nearly done,
Our battles shall soon be o'er,
And we shall seek the sweet repose
On the bright and golden shore.
When we have gathered at the River
Our comrades crossed some forty years or more,
Our sorrows shall cease; we shall rest in peace,
In the great Grand Army Corps.

THE YEAR OF SIXTY-THREE.

THE JUBILEE.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-one
As fortune did decree,
War infested our peaceful land
Between slave and liberty.
In southern lands were haughty bands,
Recognized their demands must see;
Or Southern States from union bonds
Seceded would surely be.

CHORUS.

Our country's flag, insulted long,
The emblem of the free;
Drooping in crape for the nation's fate,
And trembling for liberty.

Uncle Abraham warned our rebellious friends,
Go home and peaceful be;
Or emancipation bill he would pass,
And make four millions free.
The colored race in bond and chain
He would make four millions free;
And the Jubilee should be sounded forth,
In the year of sixty three.

CHORUS.

Stand by the starry banner, boys,
It's the emblem of the free;
The Jubilee shall be sounded forth
In the year of sixty three.

Our victorious arms at Gettysburg,
Vicksburg and Tennessee;
Were noble aids to our glorious cause,
In the year of sixty three,
With Lincoln at the head of government,
Grant the army chief to be;
Phil Sheridan swept the valley clean
Marched Sherman to the sea.

CHORUS.

Bearing aloft that royal banner, boys,
The emblem of the free;
For the Jubilee had sounded forth
In the year of sixty three.

At the final meet at Appomatox House,
Near the historic apple tree;
Grant in his magnaminity
Made Lee and his army free,
Peace being desired most of all
Go home good citizens be;
And the Jubilee shall be sounded forth,
The Nation's unity.

CHORUS.

Protect that dear old banner, sons,
It's the emblem of the free;
Keep in mind the cost of the Jubilee,
In the year of sixty three.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Again we have met, my honored friends
And proven friendship true.
Now for sacred ties we part
I will bid farewell to you.
I will bid farewell to you, my friends
And ever keep in mind,
The friends we have met, we will not forget
Nor the days of Auld Lang Syne.

Now here's a hand my trusted friends
Each give a hand o' thine,
We will take a sup from the old time cup
For the days of Auld Lang Syne.
For the days of Auld Lang Syne, my friends,
For the days of Auld Lang Syne
We will take a sup from the old tin cup
For the days of Auld Lang Syne.

You'll return to your own sweet homes
And I'll go back to mine;
We will meet again some other time
For the days of Auld Lang Syne.
For the days of Auld Lang Syne, my friends,
For the days of Auld Lang Syne,
We will meet again some other night,
For the days of Auld Lang Syne.

HAPPY DAYS OF YORE.

I am thinking of the days long ago, laddies,
When I was young and gay,
Now on the downward of life's ladder
Almost to the close of day.
O'er land, and sea I have wandered far
Deeply in grief and alone
And darker the clouds of fortune frown
As years come creeping down.

CHORUS.

Oh, could I recall those happy days
That I might rejoice once more
How I long for those days to return to me
Those happy days of yore.

I was once blessed with wife, and children three
They were happy, joyous and free,
Now left alone in the cold world
We laid them 'neath the old willow tree.
Oh, how I long to join them
In their angel home on high
I close my feeble eyes on the scenes passed
In those happy days gone by.

CHORUS.

I am aged, I am weak and bowed now
My days of youth are long by
I fold my arms and ponder on the old home
Once dear to mine and I,
Yet, I'll return to the old home
Where the graves of my babes are green
Where they played by the brook by the hillside
So oft, the sight I have seen.

FLOWERY FLORIDA.

(Suffering with rheumatism, at the beautiful Lake Thonotasassa, South Florida, upon my departure for the prairies of the northwest, the following verses were written):

Kind friends I now must leave thee,
I bid you a fond farewell,
Your beautiful lake too, I'll bid adieu,
And the scenes I love so well.
I leave thee now for a distant land:
Kind friends, when I'm far away,
When you think of the day, when long gone by,
Will you think one thought of me?

CHORUS.

Journeying on afar,
Way o'er land and sea,
With a saddened heart I leave thee,
A wandering refugee.

Oh, Florida, must I leave thee,
Thy land of flowers, and flee
For my afflictions great, we will separate:
My home is not with thee.
Thy orange groves, with golden fruit,
Thy grape and guava tree,
Sweet potatoes too, all fair to view,
But no more grits for me.

CHORUS.

When far away in a distant land,
Where the snow doth robe the lea,
I'll oft return to the flowery south
In silent reverie.
When alone in my cabin home
On the plain so wide and free,
I'll think of the day when I said good-bye,
And no more grits for me.

OTHER EXPERIENCES.

CHAPTER XI

The Postponed Horse, or Across Dakota Territory in 1880.

A CONTEMPLATED JOURNEY TO THE GOLD FIELDS—MY NEW FRIEND—THE TROTTING HORSE TURK GOLD-DUST—FITTED OUT FOR A CAMPAIGN ON THE OPEN PRAIRIES—WHITE SWAN AND FORT RANDALL—PLATT CREEK—THE QUARTER DASH—FORT THOMPSON—A NIGHT WITH OLD FRIENDS—INDIAN AGENCIES—THE BIG MUDDY—BIG BEND—BIRTH OF CONTEMPLATION—FORT PERRIE—THE VILLAGE HOTEL—WAKPA SHICKA.

In the fall of 1880 I had occasion to make a trip to the Black Hills, the great gold bearing fields of the Territory of Dakota.

Although there were at that time obstacles without number to hinder the pursuit of pleasure, it in reality terminated in a most entertaining experience and proved to be the most benefitting to health of all my many journeys.

During the spring and summer months, an epizootic of a very prostrating nature infected the horses of southeastern Dakota. I had been engaged in administering stimulants to the suffering equine, consequently my rest

was broken a good deal through the hot months and I was feeling considerably fatigued and worn down.

I had at that time a trotting horse I had dealt for, and I wanted to secure a little recreation for myself by his means. I thought a journey to the Black Hills, as a business trip combined with pleasure, would be of benefit to me.

I had recently become acquainted with a man residing at Elk-Point, Dakota, who had journeyed over the route to the Hills and return two or three times. He was about to start on his final trip, and on hearing of my contemplated journey to the Hills he came to see me, and was anxious that I should accompany him. He stated, by way of inducement to me, that he had been successful in his former speculative transactions across the prairies. This time, he said, he would be prepared to go in better shape than ever before. He was going to have a covered wagon loaded with butter, and had also five horses to take along for sale. He would have a light, covered spring wagon to carry our provisions and bedding, and in it we could sleep nicely. He would hitch four of his horses to the loaded wagon; his odd horse and my trotter would make a good team for the light spring wagon, and we could go along in elegant style.

There was going to be the grandest fair held at Deadwood that had ever taken place in the gold regions, or, for that matter, in all the western country, and all would be in operation about the time of our arrival. An elaborate programme was on exhibition, advertising fine racing

premiums; among them one thousand dollars was offered as a free-for-all trotting purse. I thought the opportunity a good one and I determined to cross the plains with my new friend. I would take my trotting horse, "Gold-dust," along, attend the fair and races, and as I believed I would not be likely to come in contact with horses of high speed in so new and isolated a country, I would without doubt secure a large portion of the money of any race I started him in, and chances were good to quit a winner.

We left Elk-Point on the 5th day of September, our first half day's travel being along the wet and heavy Missouri river-bottom roads. We arrived in Vermillion after dark, where we camped for the night, with fifteen miles of our long road behind us.

Rolling out early the next morning, we hoped to reach Yankton before night. Yankton was then the capitol of the Territory of Dakota, and my home. The roads were heavy; we were trailing the spring wagon, and it was well nigh the end of the day when we drew into Gayville, a small village twelve miles east of our intended camping place. Leaving my friend to put up for the night, I took the cars for Yankton to make preparations to start the second team, as my horse was yet at home.

My friend came up the following day, and after feeding our horses, lunching ourselves, and making some necessary preparations, we hitched our teams and left Yankton, westward bound, thoroughly fitted out for a campaign on the open prairies; I manipulating the reins over the four

horse team, while my friend sat behind the coachers in the covered spring wagon.

We traveled out a few miles and went into our first camp on the prairie. We talked but little; went to bed early, and I confess, I did not prize my quarters as highly as I might have done in earlier days.

We were on the road with the first light of the morning, and camped for the night on the east side of Choteau Creek. Our next day's travel was through the Yankton Indian Reservation, over a great deal of rough sideling road, and at times I was fearful of my ability to keep my heavy loaded wagon proper side up. There were many abrupt hills and ravines to pass over, the White Swan hill being a bad one. White Swan is the name of a place on the Yankton Indian Reservation, located on the east side of the Missouri River. I did not know then, nor do I at the present time, how the name of White Swan originated, or why it was ever called a place, but I supposed the name was derived from the family title of some of the nobility of red birth. I did not see in that vicinity, and did not think there was at that time a dwelling within the radius of a half day's travel.

Fort Randall is located on the Military Reservation,—on the west side of the river, directly opposite White Swan, and eighty-five miles from Yankton.

Not being accustomed to the kind of teaming I was doing, and my health not the best, having to figure with a team of four green horses over the rough roads, required

my entire and close attention through the day. When night came I would be very tired and always willing to retire early, but after a few days on the road, I found that being exposed to the open air was doing me good. Strength was returning, my appetite was of the best, I could sleep soundly, rise in the morning feeling as fresh as the merry lark, and I began to enjoy our way of traveling, hugely.

All seemed to be moving smoothly with us, until we reached a small stream known as Platt Creek, a tributary to the Missouri River. On the west side of the creek was located a ranch, a big log cabin and corral, for an accommodation for freighters and the traveling public. We found the water had recently been on its bad behavior and the banks were badly washed away, making the crossing unsafe for loaded teams.

My friend succeeded in crossing with the spring wagon farther up the stream, while I was compelled to await the repairing of the crossing. He hitched his team to the corral, obtained a shovel at the cabin, and in a short time had completed the crossing. I started my team for the opposite side, when my friend's horse, that had many a time run away at sight of a covered vehicle, seeing the white covered top of my wagon rocking back and forth as it rolled across the rough creek bottom, became frightened, leaped to the front and broke his bit, turning himself and his mate loose on the prairie.

Away they ran with our nice little spring wagon. This race was a quarter dash, the trotter on the right hand or off side, the natural runaway, the left side or the pole. The trotter proved the faster runner, and they circled to the left onto the creek bottom. This was a race in pure sincerity. I fancy I see them before me now, as plainly as on the day of the casualty, in that hotly contested brush for first place in their semi-circle to the south. It was a sad accident, but a comical sight. Our bed and bedding went floating through the air, in all shapes and directions; our provision box was broken open and sent whirling about the prairies as if struck by a Missouri cyclone. The bread, meat, canned goods, tin pans and dishes were strewn promiscously about all along the line. Our little wagon was completely pulverized and distributed broadcast to the gentle zephyrs of the great Northwest. Nothing remained attached to the horses at the finish save the ends of the broken whiffletrees, and when desiring to discontinue the exhibition of speed, at the sudden appearance of the creek brink, both horses fell to the ground greatly entangled in the harness, where they quietly waited extrication.

After releasing and returning them to the stable we concluded there was business enough for us at that place for the remainder of the day, and we would tarry for the night. We began picking up such of our household stuffs as we could find, with a view to putting them in the big wagon on top of the load of butter. When they had been

THE QUARTER-DASH AT PLATT CREEK.

secured and stuffed under the big cover, we commenced gathering together the splinters and remains of our much cherished little wagon, and we laid them carefully in a neat little heap close by the side of the cabin, and engaged a man with team to carry them to the Missouri river and ship on a down steamer to Yankton. I did not know what for, unless for burial.

The following morning we were early to breakfast, and hitched up our four horse team, leading the runaway horses behind. My friend lamenting the loss of his spring wagon, and I with the four in hand, we journeyed on over the plains.

At Fort Thompson we found a good camping place for a night, and I had the pleasure of meeting my old friend, Frank Elliott, with whom I enjoyed a pleasant visit. My acquaintance with Elliot dated some years before, when he was a soldier in the United States Regular Army and located at Brule Military Post. I was then visiting Major De-Russy, whose agreeable acquaintance I had the pleasure to make in my earliest days in Dakota. The Major was a great horse fancier and I enjoyed visiting him. He kept a fine Hambletonian stallion, which he had purchased in Kentucky, and two youngsters that were promising speed. He had a half mile race track on the plateau back from the Post, where he and I would go to amuse ourselves with the horses. The Major was in command of the Post, and Elliott was Assistant Quartermaster, and as there was but little military duty to be done,

we enjoyed feasts of amusements. Later, the Major was assigned to command in Arizona, among the Indians. Elliott's term of service expired; he was discharged from the army, and employed at the agency as issuing agent for the Crow Creek Indians. Fort Thompson was an old military post located on the East side of the Missouri River, on the Winnebago and Crow Creek Indian Reservation, which is one of the largest Indian Reservations on the Missouri River.

But morning came, as I knew it would, and as the old adage goes: "The best of friends must sometimes part." So I parted with my friend Elliott, and we were soon again winding our way over the wide prairie to the west. We camped for the night on a pretty piece of level land by the side of a stream of clear water. When we had finished our evening meal we sat by the wagon enjoying some Havana crooks, as my friend called them, which he had not forgotten to bring along. The night was, reminding me of the writing of the poet, purely sublime. The weather was warm, not a cloud to be seen, and the stars were shining forth in their brightest light. Not a sound was heard to mar the grandeur of the peaceful night. All under the azure canopy seemed to be at rest.

I remarked to my friend, "How strange it seems to me, that white people can content themselves to live among Indians at an Agency."

"They get used to it," he carelessly replied. Getting used to living among those copper-faced people, I thought,

would be a good deal like getting used to being hanged; by the time the art was acquired the victim would be of little value on earth. If a man who is not thoroughly conversant with the fiendish customs and brutal desires of those remarkable freaks of the human species, is seeking information, thinking it would be nice to live among them, will go to some of the Sioux reservations, go out in a dark night, get lost and wander around on the banks of the Big Muddy for the short space of two hours, and hear the dreary noises, whether he be attentive or not, he can thoroughly indulge in the unalloyed, dismal uncivilization to his entire satisfaction.

He is now a thousand miles from home in his loneliness, thinking of his good and faithful wife, who is attending to his business matters while he is seeking a little recreation in the far West. His darling, blue-eyed babes seem more dear to him now, and he wonders if the little prattlers lisp the name of Papa when they are repeating their evening prayers, receiving their good night kisses and being tucked away in their cosy little beds. He harkens to those moaning sounds of the rolling waters, the agonizing howls of the prairie wolves, the startling tumbling of the river bank, the stealthy approach of the natives' canoe, notes the rapid hissing noises of the different under-currents, and sees the Redskin, in the darkness, sneaking up with tomahawk in one hand, scalping knife in the other, impatient to chop him in the back of the head while he is enjoying a few loving thoughts of home, and he thinks of the customary

carelessness of the Sioux, when selecting a memorial in the form of a tuft of hair—so likely to take the head with it. If, when found at the expiration of his two hours, he is still yearning for Indian agencies, he should be judged a Brave, and permitted to wear the paint.

The Indians have named the Missouri River the "Big Muddy" because it is a large and swift running stream and the water is never clear. The channel is constantly changing in consequence of continuous forming and reforming sandbars.

Five miles above Fort Thompson there is a peculiar turn in the river, known as the "Big Bend." The river flows in a southeasterly direction, then turns to the northeast, then makes an abrupt turn to the northwest, again curves to the northeast, then southeast, again south to the beginning, and finally southeast, forming a narrow neck of land between the two curves, and an oblong body of many acres of rich grazing lands.

Near the small stream chain La-Rush, seven thousand head of cattle were quietly grazing. These we were informed were the property of Charles Woolworth and Company of Omaha, Nebraska.

Now being deprived of our little wagon, our sleeping place was rendered very incomplete. We had a good mattress and a sufficient amount of bedding, and would, when camping at night, prepare a shake-down on the ground under the wagon and stretch a tarpaulin around as a wall against the weather, forming a very comfortable apart-

ment. I could not resist the thought of rattle-snakes, of which there was no scarcity, lizards, wolves, and many other beasts and reptiles that live and move about the prairies; but we were soon lost in dreamland enjoying the sweet repose that so easily comes to the tired traveler in the soothing breezes of the outdoor air on the western prairies. Thus we arose each morning refreshed and able for the duties of the day.

When we reached the river opposite Fort Pierre, we were informed that we could not cross by reason of high wind. We therefore moved back near the bluff and went into camp for the day. At this time the birth of contemplation of a town at East Pierre had but recently taken place, and it was not yet known whether or not the project would prove a success. A few rough board shanties, one liquor store, one saloon and a blacksmith shop was all the new town could boast of. French Joe, the pioneer saloon keeper of Yankton in its early career, was the occupant of the saloon.

The following day when the storm had diminished to some degree, the Captain thought the sign was right, and that he would attempt to steer his craft across the Big Muddy. We drove our team to the river, but could see no boat. When we inquired as to its whereabouts, the Captain erected himself to a high commanding attitude, and with the short, thick finger of his right fist indicated the far side of the sandbar, saying: "There she lays." I could not then see a boat, but about a quarter of a mile from us

I saw something which I though had the appearance of a pile of refuse lumber, such as I had seen thrown from a wornout plank road in the eastern states. However, we got across the sandbar, and succeeded in boarding the thing, only to find it had once been a coal barge. My friend called it a flat boat, and it might have been one at sometime, but now was so badly warped that there was nothing flat about it. The Captain landed us safely on the other shore, and I did not regret awaiting the abating of the winds.

We were now at Fort Pierre, a small village, principally of log cabins, located on the west side of the Missouri River. It was once a military post, but abandoned as such a great many years ago, and at the time of which I am now writing it was used as a transfer post for all freight from the Missouri River boats, going to the Black Hills and military posts west, which was hauled across the plains by mules or cattle trains; thirty-five days for the round trip to the Hills with cattle being considered a success. Mules were more active.

We had been so long on the way, camping, eating and sleeping in the open air, that being in the village seemed almost like returning to civilization, and we mutually agreed not to make coffee; instead we partook of a very good supper at the village hotel, the proprietor of which, we learned, was frequently the subject of serious jokes at the pleasure of the freighters. He was one who will not be forgotten by the many who chanced to pass his way.

After visiting some old friends whom we met at this place, we retired for the night; but did not sleep for the reason that the cattle trains were ready to move, and the inexperienced teamsters who had been engaged for the trip were using the night for rehearsing the whip act.

Our next day's travel was along the north side of the Wakpa Schicka, as the Sioux have it, or, "Bad River." The feeders of Bad River, of which there are a goodly lot, all rise in the north and flow in a southerly direction. The freight road crosses many of them, and all must be forded as there were no bridges at that time.

CHAPTER XII

BAD RIVER—THE STORM AT PLUM CREEK—INDIANS ON THE WARPATH—DEAD MAN'S CREEK—CHEYENNE RIVER—A GREATER MISFORTUNE—THE INDIANS IN SIGHT—THE PHANTOM HORSE-GUARDS.

Bad River rises in Ziebach County, and contributes its contents to the Missouri River south of Fort Pierre. We were blessed with the best of weather for traveling and our roads were equally as good. The first and only rainfall during our journey occurred on the night of our camp on Plum Creek. Major Sharp, United States Army Pay Master, with a guard of soldiers, camped near us. He was on his paying expedition to the military posts along the Missouri River and west to Fort Meade. I think that heavier rain, louder thunder or sharper lightning I have never experienced, than we saw and heard that night.

Having camped on the east side, we found the stream so swollen the next morning, that crossing with a loaded team was an impossibility, and it was late when we succeeded in getting to the west side, where a log cabin and a telegraph station were located. When there, we were informed by the operator that a telegram had been received, stating that the Indians were on the warpath. They had

the day before attacked John Dougherty's freight trains, massacred his teamsters, and stampeded and stolen the cattle. This was rather a discouraging report for us, but we considered traveling one way as safe as going the other, and continued moving towards the setting sun. Our roads were heavy; the streams swollen with the late rain and our team mired in Burnt Creek in three feet of water, detaining us some hours. We were fording the rapidly running streams and toiling on through the seemingly long day, until darkness fell, compelling us to go into camp for the night, but a few miles in advance of our breakfasting place. At ten o'clock the next morning we were entirely outside of the rain belt, it having extended only over a space of country about thirty miles from east to west. Our roads were again in excellent condition.

As we were going quietly along one beautiful and bright morning, not having been in conversation for some time, and each of us seeming to be in consultation with his own thoughts, our attention was drawn to an object in the grass, a few rods from us and north of the road. We looked steadily for a few minutes, and as we drew nearer I thought it looked like a living thing. My friend remarked: "It is a buzzard," adding, "it has been wounded and cannot fly." As I sat nearer it, he gave me his revolver, saying: "Go out and shoot it." Carefully I descended from my seat and started for the buzzard, revolver in hand and ready for the attack, creeping along as slyly as a cat stealing upon a mouse; with eye fixed on my

intended game. The thing seemed to be looking directly at me. My friend was calling to me: "Shoot, shoot." But I noticed it did not move or change position. When I had gone one-half the distance, I made a discovery. Quickly dropping my revolver to my side, I quietly walked back to the wagon. During the time I was returning, my friend was anxiously inquiring what it was. When I was again mounted, I said to him: "It is the skull of an ox, partly covered with grass, with one horn pointing upward." Then he laughed heartily at me for creeping up so carefully to shoot at the head of a dead ox.

Deadman's Creek was a place of our one night's sojourn. Here was a low rough building, house and barn combined, used for an exchange station by the Wyoming Stage Company, and thirty miles east from the Cheyenne River crossing. One hostler was the Robinson Crusoe of the place; he also had been informed of the Indians taking the warpath, and was constantly on the lookout, and every brush on the creek that contained a red leaf appeared to him to be an Indian in blanket. We had no lingering desire to remain longer than necessary at Deadman's Creek, and we were on the road, as the Floridian would have it, "away soon in the morning." I learned that the name of this creek originated from the cause of so many white men being killed at and near the crossing. There was an Indian trail rising at Rosebud Agency, located in the southwestern part of the Territory, on the south fork of the White River. The trail bears away in

a northerly direction, crossing Deadman's Creek, at this change station, leading north to Fort Bennett, and to unite with Sitting Bull's and other hostile tribes in North Dakota and the British Possessions.

At different times in the year, principally in the spring time, when the grass began to grow, the Indians would experience a change of heart, (for the bad), and would travel this trail, back and forth, skulk in the thick brush along the creek, and with their rifles pick off the whites who were migrating to the Black Hills. There were numerous, nameless little mounds to be seen, the only mark and resting place of many an honest, industrious white man, on whom misfortune had fallen in the old states, and who had risked all to cross the wild and perilous plains of Dakota, hoping to reach the gold fields of the West, that he might better fortune for his dear ones, and had fallen by the hand of the copper-faced American. Who can say the "*noble* Redman?" What has ever been accomplished by the savage that he should appear *noble* to the eyes of the civilized world?

After reaching the summit of Peno Hill, we halted long enough to partake of a cold lunch and feed our horses grain, then passed on for the south fork of the Cheyenne River, which we reached when the sun was about one hour high. Finding no road to the water, the bank high and almost perpendicular, we set our California break, tied the wheels with rope, and began to descend the precipice. The sand was loose and deep; the horses were in to their knees,

the wagon to the hub, and suddenly, horses, wagon and sand went sliding down the embankment, all together. After reaching the base, which we did without damage, we forded the river at Smithville, and drove up inside the stockade, where we were to remain for the night.

The south fork of the Cheyenne River rises in Wyoming, and flows east around the south foot of the Black Hills, then in a northeast direction. The north fork of the Cheyenne, also rises in Wyoming and flows in a southeasterly direction around the north foothills, then east, twelve miles north of Smithville, where the two forks unite their forces and constitute the Big Cheyenne River, which flows in an easterly direction and contributes its waters to the Missouri River, north of Fort Bennett. Smithville consists of one log cabin with log stable adjoining, enclosed with an eight foot stockade, and is situated on the west side of the south fork of the Cheyenne River.

At this place my friend met with another and greater misfortune. Almost immediately after stabling our teams, one of the wheel horses fell sick. My friend treated him with such medicine as he had with him. After we had partaken of the repast prepared at the cabin for us, I went with him to see his patient. I deemed the chances against us and inquired if I could be of assistance, but my friend thought it was not necessary for both of us to remain, and that I had better retire, assuring me that he would have the horse right in the morning. I walked to our wagon and was soon in bed and lulled to rest by the

rippling waters of the Cheyenne. I did not waken until the gray light was shining in the east and my friend was at the wagon calling for me. He had lost all hope of saving the life of his horse. I went with him, but we were only in time to see the faithful servant breathing his last. We were not detained long at the ranch; it was early morning and we were determined to move westward. Arrangements were consummated with Mr. Smith, the proprietor of the place, for the disposition of the dead horse. With the runaway horse harnessed in his place, and my trotter bringing up the rear, we were soon climbing the bluff for the open prairie.

We were now fairly in the part of the country where the Indians were said to be. In fact, we had been on Indian ground for the most part of the way, but the Plum Creek report placed the hostiles west of the Cheyenne River. We had heard no different report from the first and were on the lookout for the blood-thirsties. Excellent weather was favoring us, and as we journeyed on day after day, feeling that we were nearing our destination, we grew more bold and traveled with less anxiety, as we believed ourselves to be so far west as not to be in much danger of coming in contact with the Indians. True, their whereabouts was unknown, and the unevenness of the country offered good opportunities for operating with their marauding parties, but we were to some degree cheered by our good fortune in not having been molested thus far.

Suddenly my friend, whose eye rarely missed a moving object, looked southward and saw something over the hill several hundred yards from the road. "There are the Indians," he exclaimed. I turned in the direction he had indicated, and there beheld, looming before us, the feathers in the war bonnets on the heads of several redskins. They were evidently hiding behind the ridges and peeping over the edge at us. The Sioux were now in possession of the field. This was to us sufficient and reliable confirmation of the report at Plum Creek. The Sioux were active on the white man's trail in those days, and I had no doubt the red gentry had become indignant in regard to a misunderstanding in some business transaction with Uncle Sam, and believing themselves ill treated, had donned their decorations, and gone forth on the warpath, to avenge their wrongs by appropriating a few scalps from the heads of the pale faces. We now believed the Indians in hostilities, and that war to the knife was to follow. Seated on the box, I was a good deal like the Scotchman who said nothing, but kept a deil-o'-a-thinkin'. I could devise no plan by which we could avoid an attack, as we could not better the matter by fast driving. They at their pleasure would rush upon us, stampede the horses, take our hair and sneak away to their wigwams. Life I considered only a matter of a few moments light on earth, and even for that short space of time a thing we dare not call our own.

"THERE ARE THE INDIANS!"

The horses were quietly walking, and as we intently watched the savages, we could see them growing larger, coming nearer and adding to their number, creeping cat-like up the hill, as if to gain a better position before charging upon their prey. Now that we had found the Indians—or they had found us—our case was settled. In my own mind, my head was hatless, my hair had risen on end, preparatory for the Redskins' scalping knife, and all that was necessary to complete the tragedy was that they should leap from their place of concealment, sound their war-whoop, and gather in the spoils. My thoughts were many and followed in rapid succession; none were permanent among them. These words I remembered having heard uttered by some eastern adventurer in the gold regions in Dakota, and I regretted not having taken unto myself this good advice:

"Don't go away, stay at home if you can;
Stay far from that city they call Cheyenne,
Where old Sitting Bull and Commanche Bill
Will lift up your hair, in the dreary Black Hills."

While those wild and uncontrollable imaginings were rushing through my brain, there appeared before us a squadron of mounted soldiers, and so near us that we could plainly see their United States Army uniform, the dark blue blouse, and the bright blue trousers. There was a bend in the road in front of us; I thought the distance between us and that bend in the road about the same as

the distance between us and the soldiers. We were moving to the southwest, the soldiers seemed to be in the road, moving to the southeast, and we, (the soldiers and ourselves) were all moving towards the bend in the road. This we took to be a reconnoitering party sent out from some of the military posts in search of the hostile Indians. We saw them move up at a smart trot, then to an easy gallop, and slowly descend as if to the valley. They disappeared, one after the other, until all were hidden from our sight. We were diligently watching, thinking each moment to see them in the road in front of us, or riding in some direction on the prairie, but strange as it may appear, we never saw them again.

While we were watching and hoping that the soldiers would come our way, the strange figures over the hill boldly appeared on the summit, and there, to our great and very agreeable surprise, we beheld the forms of nine, well matured, wild turkeys. To say I never was more pleased to see turkeys does not express my gratitude. Talk about Christmas and Thanksgiving turkeys! I never saw anything that would in any way compare with those gaudy-plumed dignitaries, and I considered being in company with those nine big chiefs, on the lonely prairies of Dakota, a great deal safer and pleasanter than with *all* the hostile Redskins of the Sioux nation. After ascertaining the fact that we still lived, and congratulating ourselves that we had met with no greater misfortune than

to have witnessed a mirage of troopers, and experienced a hair-bristling scare by a school of grazing wild turkeys, we were restored to our normal condition of understanding and continued on our western tour.

CHAPTER XIII

ELK CREEK VALLEY—MY REVERIE—BULL-DOG RANCH—SCOOP-TOWN—BOWLDER PARK—METROPOLIS OF THE BLACK HILLS—ARRIVAL AT THE RACE-TRACK—RUMORS ABOUT CAMP—THE STRANGE HORSE—PRESIDENT OF THE TROTTING AND RACING ASSOCIATION—THE POSTPONEMENT—CORPULENT BUTTER—MY VISIT—TWO GENTLEMEN BECOME THE OWNERS OF MY TROTTER—EASTWARD BOUND—CURLEY AND AULD LANG SYNE.

Our road west from the Cheyenne River a good portion of the way led through a valley south and in seeing distance of the growing timber along the Elk Creek, where I am told is fine grazing land, and stock raising was extensively pursued. I shall not soon forget my desires when I beheld that beautiful country, as it was the first timber to meet my eye since leaving the Missouri River, As we moved along over those dry and dusty roads and sun-scorched prairies, how I longed for a few hours visit and rest at that inviting spot. I believed it the most interesting part of country that I had seen from the beginning of our journey. Now and again we could see a building, seemingly a dwelling, peering through the forest, and I was thinking what a feast of pleasure I could enjoy

seated on the creek bank in the shade of those sturdy old oaks and cottonwoods, looking into that bubbling stream of clear cold water, protected by the apparently affectionate, out-reaching branches of the trees on each side, as it went dancing merrily along on its way to the Cheyenne River, when I was aroused from my reverie by recalling the fact that we could not delay now for such luxuries. We had started for the races in the Hills, and the fair was already going on at Deadwood.

"It is a good idea," said my friend, "to take time by the forelock." I answered: "I think that time has taken us by the fetlock, and possibly we shall arrive too late for any part of the fair." My friend thought we would be in good time, as this was only the second day, and the fair would continue through the six days of the week.

We halted a few minutes one morning at a place about eight miles from the foothills, a comfortable looking log house, with a barn of hewn cottonwood logs on the opposite side of the road, and two large white bulldogs who seemed to be the patrol of the premises. A lady appeared in front of the house whose avoirdupois would balance the scales at about one eighth of a ton. She was sole proprietress of the place, and informed us that she was compelled to keep the dogs to induce the freighters not to steal her chickens. This place had gained some notoriety in the early days of the gold excitement in the Black Hills; it was yet famous at the time of our arrival, and I believe at

the present time it retains the dignified title of Bull Dog Ranch.

We next came to Sturgis, better known in those days as Scooptown; a quiet little hamlet nestling in the foothills and ten miles from Deadwood; quiet, I say, for that region. I had occasion to visit it later, and during my last night in the place there was but *one* man shot.

We now passed through the village of Sturgis, and at the first tollgate we took our way up the mountain on the new toll road through Bowlder Park. We had been so many days on the unsettled and untimbered prairie, that it seemed as if we had crossed a great desert, and were entering a new world, and I was filled with enjoyment of the scene. The road led us along by the side of a creek, of which rough, precipitous banks formed each side. The clear water dripped carelessly over the clean washed gray shelved rocks, on its descent to the mountain's base. The old trees that had fallen into and across the stream, years before, were still holding their position and retaining their heavy mossy robes. The vines of different kinds that had crept over the old logs and climbed the standing trees, were in their pendulous and drapery-like manner adding to the picturesque scenery. The creek was densely shadowed from the bright sun by the overhanging branches of the natural growing timber, and quiet and harmony in sublimity reigned.

Farther on men were laboring on the grounds, beautifying the new highway, and the feathered songsters of the

forest occasionally chimed in their sweet musical voices with the echoings of the merry woodman's axe,—as westward, upward and onward we went, admiring the beauties of that natural pleasure park, until we reached the summit where the Deadwood Trotting Park was located. The horses were called for the pacing race, and I could not resist being a spectator. When the heat was finished we began our three miles descent to the metropolis of the Black Hills, and after twenty-two days on the uninhabited plains, we entered the City of Deadwood, completing the longest drive I have ever made to reach a race meeting.

It was Thursday night, four days of the fair had passed; the free-for-all race would be trotted Saturday, and I must devote my entire time and attention to the welfare of my old trotter. Gold-dust had been right on his feed all the way; he had eaten a good quantity of oats, plenty of grass and several holes in the wagon cover. He much desired when tied up to amuse himself by taking hold of something with his teeth, and making a moanful noise, but the old horse was feeling like a hound, eager for a chase. On examination I found his shoes entirely worn out, and put him away to await another rising of the sun.

Gold-dust came into my possession some time after being shipped from the east. He was a horse of good conformation, kindly disposed, and of more than ordinary intelligence, with as handsome a pair of eyes as I have ever seen in a horse's head. He had but little mane and

was an inveterate cribber. He had one inflexible ankle joint, and the hair had fallen from his tail until it was left a spike. With some practice on his ankle, it was restored almost to a normal condition. He grew fine in flesh and he was a good actor, but while he had received careful treatment, and many of his ailments had been successfully and satisfactorily repaired, there still remained with him two lamentable faults; I never could put a new tail on him or cure him of his cribbiting. After finding a smith the following day, I got some shoes on the horse, and we—myself and Gold-dust—made our appearance at the fair ground. We aroused curiosity from our arrival at the gate, and I met many quizzers. I succeeded in reaching the stables at the farther side of the grounds, but could find no place for the horse, the stalls were occupied by farmers who had driven to the fair, and no one seemed willing to vacate for my benefit.

We had been waiting but a few minutes when the people began to leave the grand-stand while the races were yet going on, to come over to us, and many questions were asked. The president of the fair came and questioned me skillfully, but he did not succeed in extracting any information from me. I had brought the horse over the country with a load of butter; I thought he could go some, and I wanted to start him in the trot. The president looked him over carefully; said something about a dangerous horse, and walked away. The chances for getting a stall appeared more and more doubtful. For-

tunately, I met a young man with whom I had had some acquaintance before going to the Hills, who was known on the turf as Curley. Curley was handling some horses for a Mr. Fyler who resided at Central City. Their horse having trotted his race, they concluded to send him home, thereby providing for me a stall.

When the races for the day were over, I hitched to the sulky and drove onto the race track. The president addressed me from the Judge's stand, saying there were too many people on the track to exercise horses, but he would permit me to go to the Back Stretch. Some gentlemen had come to the ground to see my horse in his exercise, and I walked him to the part of the track assigned to me and brushed him back and forth a few times; to the satisfaction of my new friends, who came to the conclusion that he was a sleek fellow and would do to speculate on. During the evening and the following morning, there were many rumors in circulation about the camp concerning the strange horse. A report was current of a telegram being received, stating that a horse, answering the description of mine and named Gold-dust, had trotted at Lincoln, Nebraska, and at Denver, Colorado, winning everything with a record of two twenty-one and that he had started for the Black Hills. The natural inference was that this must be the horse. It was found that Curley had known me before going to the Hills, and it was believed he could tell something about the horse, so Curley became a victim of question and consultation. He could be seen at almost

any time, cornered and in close conversation with some of his anxious inquiring friends of the Hills. Curley did not know the horse well, but believed he could defeat any horse in a race in the West.

Saturday morning was cold. After harnessing my horse, and applying all the turf goods I had with me, consisting of quarter boots, elastic stockings in front, scalpers, and shin boots in the rear, I reached the course and found all horses had gone to the stable, and every man on the ground was out in the grand-stand or quarter-stretch, with watch in hand, waiting the exhibition of speed to be shown by Gold-dust. After exercising, I took him to the distance stand and turned, when he went away more like a trotter than I had ever seen him. He was as open as the smile of an alligator, and as active as a flock of scared bats.

I pondered on the carnival I could have in a race with that speed with substance to carry it, but detected sufficient evidence to justify me in believing that *all* was not quite right with us. The altitude of seven miles was too high; the air was either too light for Gold-dust, or his wind was too heavy for the air; surely something was out of kilter, for his breathing apparatus did not harmonize with the mountainous atmosphere. When taken back, however, after leaving the score, until turning the home-stretch, he had the appearance of a race horse to the finish, and showed the boys a high rate of speed. This I discovered caused some uneasiness among owners and drivers,

and some were desirous to buy Gold-dust. With one man I bargained at a fair price, with the understanding, at his request, that I would drive the horse in his race, but owing to his inability to get the cash on his collateral, the case went by default.

The free-for-all race filled with five entries, pacers and trotters, Gold-dust and Bill Morgan being the trotters. Coyote was the name of one pacer; the names of the others I do not recall. There had been a dash of rain in the morning, accompanied by a cold northwest wind, but it passed over and we thought the day a passably fair one, considering the altitude and season of the year. The track was in fine condition. The fair had been carried on for five consecutive days, and the people of the Hills looked farward to the sixth and last day as a day of crowning efforts. A strange horse was known to be in their midst, and the free-for-all was looked for as a race of great interest.

Dinner was over and the time for the race had drawn near. The horses were not yet called, and some of us walked to the stretch to learn the cause. In the judge's stand, like a statue, stood a man whose height was about four feet; his weight two hundred pounds; he was robed in a suit of navy blue broadcloth; his left hand was hidden in his pantaloons pocket; his right hand grasped the bell cord; two small American flags adorned his left breast, and the cover on his head resembled a Japanese soup bowl. This man was the president of the Trotting and

Racing Association of the Black Hills. The president rang the bell for quietness, that he might speak unto the multitude; when all was still, he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I regret that owing to the inclemency of the weather, and the bad attendance during the several days of the fair, we are obliged to postpone the free-for-all race. We will at some future time, not far distant, give the purse, and more with it, for a trotting race. Ladies and gentlemen the fair is now closed at Deadwood Trotting Park."

As the race (Gold-dust, rather) was postponed and there was no more amusement on the turf, I betook myself to Central City, where I became better acquainted with Mr. Fyler, whom I found to be one of the noblest hearted men of the age. Curley was with him and I spent many pleasant days with them.

Soon after reaching Deadwood, my friend with whom I crossed the plains engaged to carry an electioneering party, with his team, to the different towns in the Hills, and I did not have the opportunity of seeing him again before my departure. I never knew with what success he disposed of his property, but I thought he should have sold to good advantage. The horses were fat and strong, and the butter would very favorably compare with the horses. Talk about butter—this was the highest, corpulent grade, and required the united dexterity of four able-bodied men to land it in the warehouse. It was my opinion that ingenuity enough to remove it from its quarters did

not exist in the hills; with last report, it was successfully holding the fort.

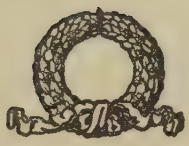
I visited a number of villages in the Hills, but was a greater part of my time in Deadwood, where dwelt two gentlemen who had become the owners of my trotter, at a very satisfactory figure. They considered him a fine prospect for the next year's racing circuit in the Black Hills, but the winter was a frosty one, and I am told that long before his next racing season appeared, the old trotter cashed up his checks and passed over the range to race no more. Snow had fallen and my visit in the Hills terminated. The season had grown late; it was well on towards winter; the weather was wet and cold in the gulches. I concluded that I did not wish to remain longer; having disposed of my horse I was lonely, and being free to go at my pleasure, one wintry day, after saying farewell to my friend Curley and new acquaintances, I engaged passage to Fort Pierre with a mule train, and departed, eastward bound, from the dreary Black Hills.

The weather changed for the better; the snow disappeared; the sun shone brightly on the open country, and I enjoyed an exceedingly pleasant trip over the prairie with the mule skinners, that being the title assigned to the drivers of mules in that country. I was kindly given room in the tent at night. I maintained a magnificent appetite, and did justice to the coffee, warm biscuit and bacon. I sometimes sat on a wagon and drove a team of eight mules with one jerk rein. Again, I was on horse-

back with the boys, driving the loose stock in front. So enjoyable were the days, and evenings passed with song and joke, that when we reached Fort Pierre at the end of nine days, all expressed regrets at being obliged to separate. For a short time I felt as if I would like to be a mule driver and always dwell on the prairies.

Again I said farewell, crossed the Big Muddy, engaged state room on the last steamer of the season for Yankton, where, after three days, I was safely landed, and remained through the winter.

Curley informed me later that he left the Hills in the following February, and when we occasionally meet on the turf, we invariably indulge in a pleasant chat, while smoking the Havana weed, in remembrance of occurrences in the Black Hills, and days of "Auld Lang Syne."



Ten Days in the Flood on the Missouri River

A NARRATIVE OF THE EXPERIENCE OF A RESCUING PARTY

ON THE SUBMERGED BOTTOMS BELOW YANKTON.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT OVERFLOW—WONDERFUL

SIGHTS AND SCENES—THRILLING ADVENTURES,

MIRACULOUS ESCAPES AND AGONIZING SUFFERING.

March, 1881.

CHAPTER XIV

THE COLD WINTER—BREAKING OF THE ICE—A VENTURESOME PEOPLE—THE STEAMER WESTERN—THE GORGE UNBROKEN—HANSON'S LANDING—OUR FIRST DUTY AS RESCUERS—THE BLESSINGS OF A DELIGHTED YOUNG WIFE—THE HOUSE THAT BECAME HISTORIC.

The winter of 1880-81 was a severe one in Dakota; it is said by the older inhabitants to be the coldest winter, with the greatest amount of snow-fall, ever known in that country. As my memory serves me, there was almost continuous snow, with blizzard accompaniment, from about the 15th of December until the last days of February, making travel, either by rail or team, an impossibility a great deal of the time.

The calendar informed us that the winter days had passed away, but the great solid piles of snow that had drifted during the cold months were yet remaining with us, and presenting an appearance of having recently been made.

The breaking up of the ice in the Missouri River had been looked for for many days, but the cold winter had made the ice very thick and strong, and no evidence of its failing strength was yet visible; under the prevailing cir-

cumstances, something more than the ordinary, unforeseen happenings were expected at the break-up.

The citizens of Yankton were much concerned regarding the safety of the people residing on the Missouri and Jim (James) River bottom lands in case of an overflow. Although those people had never, in former years, experienced a destructive overflow, they were constantly, when opportunity permitted advising and soliciting the farmers to move their families to the highlands.

We, who have lived in a land of plenty, know but little of the numerous privations that had to be taken into consideration and submitted to, before a comfortable living condition could be successfully reached in an unsettled country in the far West in the early days, by the people who migrated there in search of better fortunes for themselves and homes for their families. To endure the many difficulties they well knew, and many they did not know which must be endured in an uncivilized world, where all things were of the wildest and nature still untamed, not forgetting their continuous exposure to the ever barbarious scalping knife of the life-seeking wild Indian; they were surely a venturesome people.

Such was the class of people who settled on the bottom lands of the Missouri and "Jim" River in the early days of Dakota; consequently they were not moved at warning of danger in times of peace and prosperity. It was their home—their all—the small accumulations of long and toilsome years; they could not go; they chose to

remain, let fortune be what it would, and the long looked for day came.

On Sunday, March 27th, the ice gave way in the river at Yankton. Hundreds of people were on the banks to witness its going out, and the sight was grand; but as I stood there in silence, gazing upon those acres of ice moving down in a gigantic body, sweeping all before it, a tremulous sensation seemed to creep over me, as if I were dreading an approaching calamity.

The steamer "Western," the only boat not placed on the repair ways, was caught with the earliest moving ice, and held so close to the bank as to make her unable to rise with the tide. Men labored with her as in case of saving human life, but she sprang aleak, sank partly under water and was pulverized on the spot.

The ice moved out, leaving the river below clear as far as could be seen from the city. The people rejoiced that no more damage had been done; they evidently thought all danger had passed, but it was discovered later that the ice had first broken at the upper end of the river and gorged near Springfield, about forty miles above us, which very plainly explained the cause of the river being clear at Yankton. The ice remained unbroken in the river bed below, which was an indication of an overflow, and the water had already commenced to make its way out over the lowlands.

On Monday, the 28th, the ice above began giving way and moved slowly down on the Nebraska side of the river,

the Dakota side running clear until late in the afternoon, when all were excited about the city—danger was anticipated on the Missouri bottoms. Captain Lavender, with yawl and crew, went to warn some of the people of the coming of the water, and on his return, finding himself cut off by the ice, he abandoned his boat at the car shops, one mile below the city, and made the remainder of his way on foot.

On Tuesday, the 29th, the gorge was reported unbroken at Springfield, and the rising of the water was not as rapid as it proved to be later. The floating ice, continually being forced on to the unbroken ice in the river bed a few miles below Yankton, forming a dam, and throwing the water onto the Dakota side—where it continued to flow through the night, seemed conclusive evidence in my mind that the greatest flood ever known on the Missouri River was then taking place.

Being informed on the morning of the 30th of the amount of water then on the bottom lands; knowing the locality of some families and their danger of being swept away should the water rise with velocity, and thinking it would be a loss of time to wait to get and man a yawl, as I believed the water yet too shallow in many places to move so large a boat, I immediately secured a skiff, and with the assistance of Mr. Fred Kincel, with his team, succeeded in getting my boat to the hill, known during the flood as Hanson's Landing. This landing was in the public highway leading from the city of Yankton in a

northeasterly direction to the Jim River bridge. It is two miles from Yankton and one mile from the bridge, where the road ascends from the bottom to the upland or prairie.

When arriving at the landing I met a young man who was anxiously watching an opportunity to reach his people in the flooded regions. He expressed a desire to go with me and we started on our voyage. I found the water shallow, as anticipated, with an inch of ice that had formed over it the night before, which proved a hindrance to us, as we were compelled to break the ice in front before we could go forward After working some time we reached a snowdrift; taking the boat from the water we drew it on the snow with good results, but we found the end of the snowdrift and again took to the water.

We passed near a farm residence, where two or three women and as many men were standing on straw covered sheds, who were loudly laughing and having a merry time as they watched the movements of the ice and water, apparently wholly unconcerned as to any danger that could come to them. The water was then three feet deep about the outbuildings; a skiff was moored near by, and I said to them: "Had you not better go to the land? I think the water will be still higher." But they only scoffed at my warnings as a reward. When returning after several days in the submerged country, I met the same party at the house of Major Hanson on the hill—a very meek family of people.

Soon after leaving the farm residence, we came to a new railroad grade, where we took the boat from the water again and drew it on the sleek surface about eighty rods; when at this point we got a sudden rise of ten inches more water, and we launched the little life preserver, as she proved to be, once more—this time in the railroad ditch, which we followed to the open prairie on the east side of the Jim River. Up to this time our progress had been greatly retarded, owing to the shoal water and the thin ice. The water began coming in waves; the thin ice gave way before it, and a boat could be handled with more ease and speed.

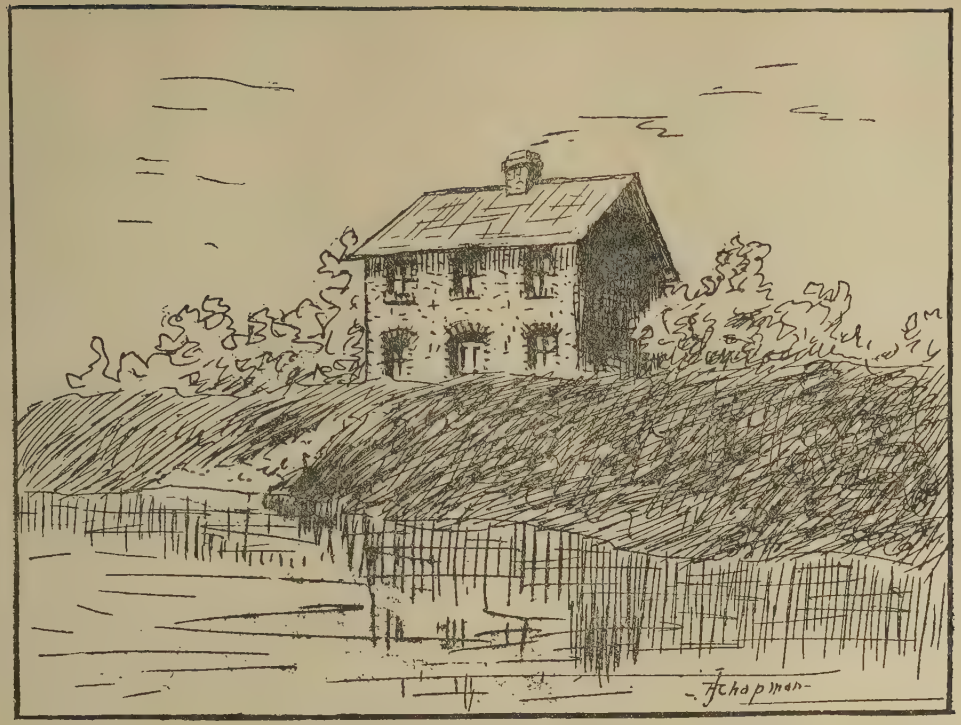
As we floated out onto the open prairie, there appeared to us our first duty, as rescuers. About one hundred and fifty yards from us was a man on horseback, in the water, who had started to cross the Jim River bridge. He had reached the unbroken ice, and the moving ice had so completely closed in on his rear as to not allow the horse to move either way. A number of men and women were on the bluff as spectators, but with no means of aiding him, and they called to us for help. I thought it must have seemed a discouraging case to the poor fellow, before he saw the little boat floating out through the brush lining the Jim River. There he sat on the horse, thirty rods or more from land, his legs in water to the knees; the ice rushing about in the rapidly rising water, making moaning noises, like brutes in great agony. I imagined he was thinking that he would ere long be swallowed up

in the wild and angry waves. Fortunately we were in good time for the rescue and we hastened to his assistance, changing our column, rear to the front, broke and parted the ice as the boat moved backward, until a channel was opened and the horse relieved from his paralytic condition in the ice. Then moving forward, allowing the horse to follow in the boat's wake, we proceeded shoreward. The horse appeared to understand something of the situation and was anxious for deliverance. His rider required frequent warning to hold back, lest he climb in and capsize the boat, an act I did not care to have him indulge in at that season of the year, with the temperature of the water at freezing point. However, we arrived safe in the haven with our charge, and received the blessings of a delighted young wife.

At this place is located a brick house, which will appear conspicuously in this narrative. A brief description of this house will be of interest to the reader, as a better understanding of the country in which we were operating can thus be obtained:

It was a two story, brick dwelling, and was the property of Lewis Volin; it was located on the north bluff, about one mile east from the Jim River bridge and fronted to the south, overlooking both the Missouri and Jim Rivers and their bottom lands, also the Nebraska bluff, south of the Missouri River. As a greater portion of the people of the flooded district in Yankton County were taken to Yankton, they were landed at the brick house, where pro-

visions were provided, and when navigation permitted they were transferred to the west side of the Jim River. This house was used for a general rendezvous and headquarters for all parties going from and coming to, or operating on the submerged bottoms.



THE HOUSE THAT BECAME HISTORIC.

CHAPTER XV

ARRIVAL AT THE PARK'S PLACE—THE LITTLE SKIFF AT SEA—TERRIFIC STORM—THIRTY-SIX HOURS' IMPRISONMENT—DANGER NOT FULLY REALIZED—MERCURY HOVERING AROUND ZERO—IN YOUNGER DAYS—PRETERNATURAL SCENERY—ARRIVAL OF CAPTAIN LAVENDER WITH YAWL AND CREW—SEARCHING THE ICY COUNTRY FOR AN OUTLET—SINGING ON THE WATER A BAD OMEN—CAPTAIN NOBLE AT THE HELM.

To return to our subject: Touching land at the brick house a few minutes only, we were again on the waves, pulling for the residence of the Parks family, some miles to the southeast and towards the Missouri River. Having lately received another new supply of water, we could now propel our little craft with considerable speed, and arrived at the Parks' place about 4 p. m.—in good time, but not a moment too soon. This house was a one-story dwelling—one part of logs, the adjoining part being of frame. There were ten inches of water on the floor, and the two families—Parks and Lagrants, were taking refuge on the beds, chairs and tables. The water was gradually rising, with no possible way for escape, until our arrival. A hurried consultation, and the little skiff was immediately put to sea,

to carry the women and children to the residence of Mr. Clark West. The distance, as I could learn, was about one mile, as the bird flies, and it was the nearest two-story dwelling in the neighborhood.

The treacherous appearance of the location we were leaving will not easily be forgotten by those who were eye witness. As night came on, the water deepened and was racing furiously through the trees and snow banks, as if determined to sweep everything with it, and everything that came in contact with the current was carried away.

While some of our party were yet standing on a large snow drift, watching for the return of the boat, the frame part of the house quickly raised to the surface of the water and toppled over on its side. There were nine of us to be carried in the skiff over that body of turbulent water, but with the kind providence of the all-wise Father, we were all, at 9 o'clock in the evening, at the house of Mr. West, where I found we were not the only party seeking refuge, for three other families had previously taken up quarters there.

This, being the first night, with the terrific appearance put forth by the water and ice, I considered the severest test for weak hearts, of all my ten days and nights' experience with the destructions and devastations of the flood. The second story of the house consisted of two rooms, with the stairs between them. The west room contained two beds, a "shake-down" (with a helpless old couple upon it), and many things which had been brought up to be saved

from the water. This was the larger room and was occupied by the women and children. In the smaller room opposite were two beds, which were occupied by the men.

As there was no other way of reaching the stairs from the skiff, our party waded on our arrival at the kitchen door; the water then being two feet deep on the first floor.

All the people had been in the water more or less and were wearing their wet clothes. There had been no time for making preparations, the water having come upon the people in the lower localities suddenly, allowing them barely time to flee with their lives.

The doors and windows of the lower story were kept open for the free accession of the water. The night was dark and cold; the water rushed with all its fury and mighty speed through and about the house; doleful noises could be heard as the waves and ice rolled and dashed against the house and outbuildings; the water was rising every moment with greater rapidity; step after step it came climbing up the stairs toward us, and no one knew how long the house would resist the strain.

Shortly after midnight the wind rose to almost a hurricane, making our condition a more terrifying one, and many an appeal in solemn prayer to the Father above for deliverance was offered up by those suffering people. My anxiety in regard to more serious events was concerning the women and children, of whom there were far too many to be cared for with one little skiff, that would safely carry but three people on the calmest sea. Many thoughts came

to me, and yet I did not fully realize the extent of our danger. The current might change from its course north of us, and break through nearer the river, but, I reasoned, there were the trees around the house, which were a fair defence, and the Jim River but a short distance west of us, with her heavy line of sturdy cottonwood on each side, a much greater protection. Had we been men only, I would at that time, even with the house forced from its foundation, have thought our chances of escape moderately good, but experience is knowledge, and knowledge often changes opinion. Later, I found the power of that body of water and ice far beyond my anticipations.

With all the many difficulties and afflictions we were undergoing, there came one consolation. Soon after the wind began to blow the water stopped rising, which helped greatly to cheer the depressed spirit of our terror stricken people.

The morning of the 31st came, but did not improve the weather nor lessen the water, though with the light of day our people were of better courage.

Let us ponder a few moments on the condition of the people on these river bottoms. It was the month of March; the wind remaining at its height; the water from five to fifteen feet deep over many miles and thousands of acres of as fertile farming land as can be found west of the Mississippi River; the mercury hovering around zero; the waves rolling high and filling the frosted air with spray, preventing us from seeing anything going on about us. In the lat-

ter part of the day there would occasionally be a pause for a moment in the storm, when, peering through the windows, we could see a small building or a grain stack tossing about on the water before the wind. Think of our experiencing a genuine Dakota blizzard, in midwinter, on that ocean of water, and you may get a slight idea of our situation. It was impossible to operate with a boat on the water during the storm, and the suffering cannot be described. Many crept away in attics, while others with their families climbed to the roofs of their sod-covered dwellings, wrapped in bed clothes, as best they could, where they awaited the abating of the storm and the coming of the life boats.

The morning of April 1st was cloudy, windy and cold, but later on, the weather having changed for the better, I concluded to go out with the boat and if possible find a way to the land. With an assistant, I ran the boat to Park's place, which we had left two nights previous, and found it presenting a desolate appearance; all live stock had disappeared, excepting a bunch of shoats, which we discovered had kept themselves on the ice, until by the rise of water they were elevated to the roof of a straw-covered shed, where they were nestling quite contented. We now ran the boat out to the channel or running ice.

On this exploration I had an opportunity of seeing some peculiar formations and interesting scenery, which I regret my inability to properly describe. In younger days I had played about the great Niagara; I had seen her in all her grandeur, both in summer and in winter; I had sat on

Goat Island and watched the beautiful rainbows by day, and the lunar-bow by night; I had crossed the river below the Falls on the bridge of ice; I had climbed the mountains of ice formed by the ascending spray from the great cataract; I had walked from island to island above the Falls on ice and on rocks, gathered boughs from the tamarack and cedar trees, when the icicles hung like sparkling diamonds in the clear sunlight; I had often watched the beautiful little steamer "Maid of the Mist," laden with the merry tourists, all attired in their golden-colored, water-proof suits, as they promenaded or danced up and down the hurricane deck, while the tiny craft bravely plowed her way through the high rolling waves and dense spray and sped on with her pleasure seekers on her voyage around the immense volume of falling water, but on this occasion I seemed to be in the midst of a greater intermixture of foreign and preternatural scenery.

Along the Jim River, where it seemed to take a southerly direction, was formed a solid belt of ice, braced by the large trees on each side of the river. West, as far as the eye could reach, was gorged and moving ice, which was of a gray or dark color and very craggy and uneven appearance. The entire body of ice seemed to me to have been gorged on Thursday night; a channel had broken through the center, a bank was formed on each side, not more than one hundred feet wide, and not unlike the work of a master mechanic. Propelling the boat through a narrow channel clear from ice, between the bank and a large body of ice

extending east, we followed nearly to the Jim River, where we came to its head. Here the water came from the ice resembling an immense spring boiling from underneath giant rocks. From this point I had an excellent view of the submerged country—several miles in all directions. The channel, or running ice, appeared to form a half circle, coming from the Missouri River above us, moved in a northerly direction crossing the Jim River, then bearing east; again to the southeast towards the Missouri River. The ice in the channel seemed to be three feet above the water, and running with almost the speed of a race horse. As I looked upon that long line of moving ice, there came vividly to my mind scenes in the days of the Civil War, when the Army of the Potomac was on the march from the Chickahominy to the south side of the James River.

The dark, cloudy morning had changed to sunlight. A fog seemed to hang over us, with a space of several feet of clear, frosty air between it and the water. Snow banks and piles of ice had lodged in different places on Wednesday night. The storm on Thursday, the dashing water, with the cold, freezing weather, had formed them into great shining icebergs that extended the long white peaks high in the air above the water, so numerous in some places as to require some skill to manage a boat among them. The dark clouds had passed away, and the bright sun penetrating the gray mist presented a scene similar to a mirage seen on the prairie. The trees were bowed down with their burden of ice, each branch and trunk encased with the bright crys-

tal were putting forth white, purple and golden colors, all mingled with the ochre tinged water and gray colored ice. The partly divested and snow clad bluffs arose in the distance, with the dark blue sky far in the background.

Later, while on this exploring trip, I met Captain Lavender with his yawl and crew, who hailed me, inquiring where he could get something to eat, stating he had tried to get to us, and was cast on a cake of ice, where he was compelled to remain a part of the afternoon Thursday, in the storm, and had lodged that night in the garret of Patrick Daneen's vacant farm house, without food. I having so recently escaped from my thirty-six hour imprisonment, knew but one place,—the house of Clark West. I said to him: "Go there. I think you can get food, also information as to who will be suffering most."

To me the appearance of the captain with his crew was a very pleasant event. It was my first knowledge of a boat, other than my own, being in the submerged country. I was still searching the icy country for an outlet farther to the east, when I met Captain Lavender returning. He had loaded his boat with people and was making towards the running ice. Again he called to me, saying: "What is the trouble?" I replied: "You cannot cross the current." The Captain turned his boat eastward, saying: "I think I can get through this way," but after moving about some time among the floating blocks of ice, in search of an avenue to the land, he became weary and returned for a resting place. He reported the channel impassable, and I returned

CAPTAIN LAVENDER WITH YAWL AND CREW.

to Mr. West's for the night. Lavender and crew went to Abe Van Osdel's.

Captain Lavender had been a sea captain of some years' experience. He was a quiet, good fellow, and an ardent worker in the cause. Nothing on water seemed to annoy him so much as vocal music. As it occurs to me, my experience has been that all seafaring people are to a greater or less degree imbued with superstitious beliefs, and the Captain thought singing on the water a bad omen. He seemed sincere in his belief that the water invariably rises while the women sing.

April 2d dawned cold and cloudy, with some wind. Not knowing whether or not the people in the outside world were awake to the state of affairs existing in that unfortunate locality, I again took to the water with the skiff, anxiously watching for an opening in the ice, to get to land and state the danger the people were in, that men with boats might hasten to the rescue; but each time I found the ice running, and crossing an impossibility.

After my return I went with a party to some out-buildings. Fuel had been procured and sent to the house in the skiff. Mr. West and myself were seated on the roof of a small building; as getting to the land seemed an unanswerable question. We were speaking of the probable results should the water rise higher, when away to the north I discovered an object on the water, which I took to be a boat, but so far away that I could only indistinctly see the vibrating of the oars. To me, they resembled the wings of a

large bird moving lazily over the surface of the water. To this I drew Mr. West's attention and we watched her onward coming. It was not long until we were convinced that another rescuing party was exploring the icy region. Steadily on she came, directly towards us, until within a few rods of the buildings, when I heard a voice calling my name. I recognized the familiar faces of Ohlman, Karr and other gentlemen from Yankton, who composed the boat's crew, with that seafaring veteran, Captain Noble, at the helm. When landed on the building, all gave me a kindly greeting, expressing their surprise and gratification at finding me alive, as they had thought me lost four days previous, but I was a little earlier than the ice, and reached the south side before its coming.

The gallant Captain and his little band of heroes had taken desperate chances. Believing there was much suffering, they had risked their own lives to know the fate of others. They watched an opportunity for the slightest opening, then like a flash the iron hull was forced into the running ice, and though it seemed for a time as if the force of the floating mass would gain the mastery, and the boat with its contents and all would be crushed and carried down to destruction, yet with the determined and unceasing efforts of the Captain and his crew, she was brought safely to open sea.

CHAPTER XVI

MY CRAFT—CAPTAIN NOBLE A STRANGER—RECEDING OF THE WATER—THE HARDYS—RETURN OF THE WATER—CROWDED APARTMENTS—WEST'S HARBOR—RELIGIOUS SERVICES—MONDAY, APRIL FOURTH—A HARD, AND A LONG PULL—THE NELSON FAMILY—WE TOOK A WALK—RETURN TO THE TROUBLED WATERS—THE WIDOW AND FAMILY—BLINDING SNOW STORM—BRAVE HEARTS AND WILLING HANDS.

My little skiff was now at a discount. Two yawls were exploring the south side of the running ice, engaged in moving families from place to place, where they could be made most comfortable.

On the occasion of my first conversation with Captain Noble, whom I had never met until on the waters of the inundated country, the Captain took the opportunity to inquire if that was my residence, when I replied: "I am here as yourself, sir, a rescuer," and pointing to the skiff said: "Here is my craft." The Captain looked at me, then at the frail little boat; again at me, and remarked: "Well, you have a good deal of nerve."

Captain Noble was a sea captain, with thirty years' experience on salt waters. He was a resident of the coast of

Maine, and had arrived in Yankton on his first visit to Dakota but a few days before the overflow. A total stranger as he was, not one man in a thousand would have exposed himself as he did, from the first rise of the flood. It demonstrated that he had those qualities of head and heart that constitute nature's noblemen.

At the house of Mr. West, early Saturday evening, the water began to recede and sank away rapidly, so that in a very short time the kitchen floor was cleared; a fire started in the range, and the Captains—Lavender and Noble, their boat's crews, your humble servant and "man Friday" (who made his appearance on Wednesday), were all present, seated or standing around the stove, warming our bedewed garments. Many amusing jokes were exchanged among the hardys. The sudden disappearance of the water, which was a surprise and a mystery to us all, and the prospects of having to walk to Yankton the next morning over the muddy river bottoms, were the subjects of our conversations.

We were again surprised when at nine in the evening the water began to return, and came up as rapidly as it had gone down but a few hours before. All hands were forced to seek shelter in the two already crowded rooms upstairs. The water continued to rise until it was three feet deep on the kitchen floor.

April 3rd was Sunday. All had been done for the sufferers that could be done, until a way could be found to take them to land. The boats all laid at their moorings in West's Harbor (as it had come to be); the water remained

at its mark until Sunday evening when it began to rise very fast, which caused a good deal of uneasiness among the people. Captain Lavender reported a wave moving from side to side, as being the cause of the rise and fall of the water, and the custom on all large bodies of water. Some of us knew the channel was gorging below and backing the water, or the gorge was giving way above. The ice was likely to sweep down upon us at any moment. There was scarcely standing room for our number in the crowded apartments, and none but the small children slept. Religious services were held through the night. The landing at the head of the stairs between the two rooms was occupied as a pulpit. I was selected as lantern holder to furnish light for the occasion. Mr. Karr read from the Great, Good Book, and the name of the good man who led in prayer has gone from my memory. The water was often measured and was found to rise one inch on the stairs in five minutes, which we thought a rapid ascent. A sharp lookout was kept up, and the night passed slowly away.

Monday, April 4th, the morning was clear and calm; the sun shone brightly, and all was still, save the roaring of the waters as they rolled away over the great bottoms. Captains Noble and Lavender pulled away with the life boats once more to review the object of our future. As there was nothing to be done until a passage to the land could be found, I was obliged to wait for an opportunity to be of service, and was pleased that I did not have to wait long. Standing on the roof of a building, watching for any signal

that might be given, I saw Captain Noble's boat hastily returning. In silence I waited for any information he might bring. When within speaking distance, he said to me: "Have them get ready." I quickly gave the order, and the women and children were immediately prepared to take the boat. When the Captain came near me he spoke in a low, firm voice, saying: "Have them make haste. We find the ice in the channel stands still; no man knows how long it will remain."

The boat was quickly loaded with the precious freight and hurried to the crossing on the ice. Captain Lavender had crossed the ice to ply his boat between the gorge and the brick house on the bluff. S. K. Felton, with a yawl and crew, was also at the gorge. Captain Noble and William Giggey with their boats were on the south side behind the gorge to carry the people from their different places of confinement to the crossing on the ice. All day long men worked unceasingly, willing to venture in the most dangerous places to save and comfort human life. Such scenes are not experienced in all generations. The alertness of Captain Noble, as he detected every movement of the ice above; his quiet, unassuming appearance; his graceful management of the boat, gave his crew perfect confidence in their helmsman. Brave men were everywhere engaged in the noble work, battling with the furious water and ice, assisting the sufferers in every way possible. Refugees could be seen streaming up the bluffs wherever landed. Teams of horses were hurrying about to carry them to the

brick house or comfortable quarters in different parts of the country, where the doors of farm houses were thrown open to welcome them. All were taking an active part; there really seemed to be a strife between man and some unknown power for the bodies of those unfortunate beings. So the bustling labors continued from early morning until darkness fell upon the scene, and the day was at its end. The sun had sunk beyond the western prairies when our last two loads reached the south side of the gorge. Captains Noble and Giggey's boats came to the crossing about the same time. As no assistance was visible on the opposite side, Noble advised that his people be taken into Mr. Giggey's boat and his (Noble's) boat be taken across the gorge, which was immediately done. The women and children were then helped across and placed in Captain Noble's boat. The other boat was then taken over, the remainder taken aboard, and with a hard pull and a long pull through the darkness, we reached the brick house in safety, and again touched foot on land.

The whole number of people landed on this day, as reported, was one hundred and eighty. All were safe who had been considered in imminent danger. We could rejoice in the small number of lives lost, but many suffered with frozen hands and feet, and not a few were disabled beyond recovery. Three boats' crews, Lavender's, Noble's and Giggey's, abode at the brick house over night, and I believe each individual rested, conscious of having done his duty well to God and man.

We felt confident that the gorge would go out during the night, as it was surging, cracking and threatening to give way when we last crossed with the boats, but it remained until Tuesday afternoon, when we received another additional supply of the unwelcome mixture of water, ice and quicksand. The gorge began to heave and groan, and finally moved down over the bottom, sweeping all in its way, buildings, hay and straw stacks, containing horses, cattle or hogs; all went down with the watery avalanche. Cottonwood trees, two feet in diameter, fell before the ice with as little resistance as grass before the scythe.

I had concluded to go to Yankton for a few days' much needed rest, and was on the alert for a way to cross the Jim River. Early in the afternoon I walked up the water side, where I found a yawl lying that was bound for Yankton, managed by the Sampson (Norwegian) crew. I engaged to man an oar as a reward for my passage over the Jim. We started the boat, with Sampson at the helm (a strong name, but a weak crew.) We were searching for an opening through, when I discovered that another rise of water was coming which had set the ice going and the whole body above us was in motion. It was cutting us off from land. In a very few minutes we would be completely surrounded, our only alternative being to pull for shore, which we did without delay, and succeeded in reaching, but far from our starting point. Quickly hauling the boat onto a snow drift to an elevation of security, we ran to the house occupied by the Nelson family, where the water had preceded us, and

was tearing through the house over the first floor, with the roaring of a cataract. A well filled granary near by, with its contents, passed to the surface of the water and went floating down along the bluff. When we had moved the women and children to the hillside, with bed clothing, and they were distributed to different places for shelter, it was again night, with no place to shelter ourselves. At this time E. M. Coats of Yankton appeared on the scene and suggested that I take a walk with him ,three miles, to a farmer friend of his, which I did. The walking was not good; the snow drifts were not sufficiently solid to carry the weight of a man. Some of the way we were tramping in halfway to our knees, and occasionally would break through where it was much deeper. We would have to stop and pull ourselves out, then commence new again. Oh! how tired I was, but we reached the house, had some supper and a good bed.

The following morning I arose, fully determined if possible, to reach Yankton before the setting of another sun. After eating breakfast we walked back to the troubled waters where I met Ed Iverson, who was just returning from the vicinity of Gayville. He reported the people there penned up in the attics of buildings without food or means of escape. He also expressed a desire to go to Yankton for a boat and provisions for them. I suggested we take the boat used by the Sampson crew, as it was then idle. This was a favored idea, and we soon had help and were pulling the boat across the Jim River bottoms.

We reached Hanson's Landing without obstruction, where we met several Yankton citizens, who greeted us joyfully. Among them was Postmaster Howard, who said we were all heroes. After reaching Yankton, the circumstances with our desires were made known to the County Commissioners. A team was procured, loaded with provisions; a boat's crew selected, and we again returned to the inundated country, at Hanson's Landing. Transferring the eatables from wagon to boat, we pulled away over the high rolling waves against a strong northwest wind, and touching at the brick house, long enough only to leave the greater portion of our provisions, we were off for the work laid out for us.

It was far in the night when we reached a log house occupied by a widow with her children—seven in number. There was water to the depth of two feet on the floor and no fire in the house. The widow and her children were on the upper floor, remaining in bed to avoid the cold weather. After raising the stove above the water and starting a fire, Will Goodwin and myself cooked supper for the family and crew.

The morning of the 7th came, cold, with rain and hail falling. After breakfasting, with the widow and her family in the boat, we commenced our work for the day. We ran over to Peter Johnson's to leave provisions, where several families had congregated. Here the boat was loaded with women and children, and we began our return voyage. At

this time the storm settled down to a very wet snow, so completely covering the people and freezing to their garments as to prevent our distinguishing one from the other. So dense was the storm that it compelled us to propel the boat near the bluff, as a guide, which made our labors more fatiguing and retarded our progress to some degree, as we had to make the curves of the bank, as well as stem a strong current.

As I write these words, I fancy I see before me (as I looked upon them then) that boat, crowded with silent, suffering mothers and little ones, and the wearied countenances of those of brave hearts, with willing hands, as they tugged at the oars, while we moved slowly through the storm, watching for the brick house on the bluff, an object we did not have the pleasure of seeing until late in the afternoon. After delivering our precious load safe at the brick house, we cooked and ate dinner. As I was suffering with cold, I quietly walked away from the exciting scenes to a farm house, where I was kindly treated and cared for until I could obtain passage to the west side of the Jim.

The next morning, while on my way to the water, I called for a few minutes at the brick house, where I met W. B. Valentine, a Yankton County Commissioner, who was looking after the comforts of the unfortunates and making preparations to send them to Yankton, where they could be more comfortably cared for.

While at the brick house, I learned of a yawl lying some distance west that would cross to the west side sometime

during the day. Hastening my steps in search of her, I arrived in good time, secured passage to Hanson's Landing, and reached Yankton the evening of April 8th, thus completing my

"Ten Days' Experience in the Flood."

Paper of S. K. Felton

CHAPTER XVII

NECESSITY FOR MORE BOATS—THE IRON LIFE BOAT—OUR APPEARANCE HAILED WITH JOY—CRASHING ICE AND ROARING WATERS—HEMMED IN BY THE GORGE—HELPING ALONG THE OLD AND ENCOURAGING ALL—THE STURDY HEARTS AND WILLING ONES.

By request of Dr. N. Armstrong, who publishes the foregoing, I add a brief account of my experience of April 1st to 12th, in the effort to relieve the people in the submerged regions.

April 1st, about noon, word was received by the County Commissioners of urgent necessity of more boats, to assist in rescuing the people. Promptly at the call the boats were engaged and crews secured to man them made up from the willing hearts, ready to do and dare in aid of their fellow townsmen. Mr. Monroe had just reached home from a two days' imprisonment in the gorge between the Missouri and James Rivers. In company with others I called on him and found him suffering with frozen feet in consequence of exposure in his noble efforts to relieve the family of Mr. Richards and some thirty others, who, like himself, had been confined upon the roof of a "dug out" nearly the en-

tire time of two days and nights. After listening to Mr. M.'s account—which space does not allow me to record in full—we decided that our first duty was to relieve these people. Accordingly, on the morning of April the 2d, we launched our iron life boat, and turned down the wild stream of the Missouri, among seething water, grinding ice and blinding snow—about five miles below Yankton and between the two rivers. On rounding the point of a large gorge of ice we suddenly came on a part of the party we were in search of, struggling in two small skiffs to get out from among the gorge and running ice. Our appearance was hailed with joy by the almost perishing women and children—though braver hearts than theirs never came within the writer's notice. Not a murmur of complaint from old or young. Transferring fourteen from the boats and ice to our yawl, we turned towards Yankton, reaching the immense gorge opposite the steamboat landing in Yankton about noon, where willing hands assisted us in transferring them to land and the kind care of the citizens.

I would not forget to mention here, that on our way up with these people, we met Captain Noble and crew, pulling for the neighborhood of Clark West's, their arrival there, and subsequent effective service having been stated by Dr. A.

Again reaching the vicinity of the house of Mr. Richards about 2 o'clock in the afternoon we found nearly one-half mile of gorged ice between us and those we were bound

to release. Over this on foot we made our way to the house, where we found Mr. and Mrs. Semple—an aged couple nearly ninety years old—their son, B. M. Semple, Mr. Richards, Mr. English and several others. Taking Mr. R.'s sled we placed the aged couple together with a Mrs. McArthur, upon the sled, strung out a long rope, while others held up our impromptu ice boat, and succeeded in again reaching our boats in safety, less numerous involuntary baths, which at this season of the year are not remarkable for their pleasant effects. Loading in our precious freight we again turned towards Yankton, reaching land again at dark. The experience of these unfortunate people would fill a volume, spending the cold nights in the out-door air, surrounded by crashing ice and roaring water, their only hope of safety being less than thirty feet square of solid earth, which raised itself as an "oasis" above the surrounding waters.

Sunday, April 3rd, we left Yankton again for the scene of danger, in a severe cold northwest gale, with ice running wild. We became hemmed in, and were forced to seek refuge in the lea of some timber, on the roof of a log stable, with water a little over the eaves. Here we remained until 4 o'clock p. m., when the ice opening to the north, we made a dash for open water, and again succeeded in reaching Mr. Richard's house at dark. After a night similar to those described by Dr. A., daylight found us hemmed in by the gorge, the nearest open water was distant one and one-half miles, with no other alternative but to haul our boat by

hand over the ice, so at it we went, and in two hours' time reached open water and soon after arrived at the house of Louis Volin on the bluff, where we found that Captain Lavender had just landed his first boat load of sufferers on terra firma. Hastening to the gorge we were just in time to meet Captain Noble and Wm. Giggey, with each a yawl load, who were immediately helped across the gorge to our boat. At this place we met Dr. Armstrong with his arms full of little ones, helping along the old, encouraging all to keep up good heart. Remaining at this point only as long as our services were needed, we pulled for the vicinity of John Thompson's, where we found a large number of families in the attics of their houses, with water and ice nearly on a level with their feet. One family being in a house without an attic floor, were huddled together on a bed, which was hoisted as high as possible on boxes and chairs, near a hole which they had cut through the roof. We found here the mother and four little ones, while the father sat on the roof, apparently indifferent, whether assistance came or not. From this vicinity we landed eight families, in all forty-two persons. We continued in this work for ten days, each day being but a repetition of former scenes, incidents and labors, until all were saved who could be reached, though they were so hemmed in by ice that to reach them by boat or on foot over the ice was utterly impossible. While the destruction of live stock was appalling, we can rejoice that there was but little loss of life, though for many days these people suffered all but death.

To the sturdy hearts and willing ones, who composed the crews of the different boats engaged in this work, no less than to those who had the honor to be at the helm, is due the praise and thanks of a grateful people. On them fell the burden of labor, and an equal share of danger, and to them should be rendered a full share of credit. I subjoin a list of those who composed the crew of the yawl of which I had the honor of being in charge: J. C. Fitzpatrick, Anton Brockman, Samuel Martin, Thomas Adams, Charles Smith, Robert Logan, crew.

Respectfully, S. K. Felton.

The Days of High Wheels

or How Dakota Belle Trotted Away with the Stakes

CHAPTER XVIII

MITCHELL AN ASPIRING TOWN—THE RACE TRACK—THE FAVORITE GRAY MARE—EXCITEMENT RUNNING HIGH—THE YOUNG MARE THAT WAS RAISED IN DAKOTA—FAINT HOPES—THE THIRD DAY OF JULY—THE IMMENSE CROWD OF PEOPLE—A NEWLY AROUSED INTELLIGENCE—A DESPERATE TRIO—PLENTY OF ICE THE BALANCE OF THE SEASON.

In the spring of 1882, the town of Mitchell, in Dakota, was building up rapidly; money was circulating briskly in land deals, and a generous spirit prevailed in the matter of securing attractions for the aspiring town, especially among the livelier residents. A gathering of men from many states, mostly eastern, and largely newcomers, determined that Mitchell should own a race track, for who could predict what fame might not reflect upon the new town, from the brilliant record of some trotter, as yet a foal, flinging its heels in distant pastures, all unconscious of its destiny.

A trotting association was formed; land purchased for a fair ground, and a half-mile race track was built. A promising season was looming up, and the keenest interest was felt. Several horses possessing evident qualities for speed were bought and brought in, and when the work on

the ground was well advanced, a two days' racing meeting was advertised to be held on July third and fourth.

There was hardly a man in Mitchell, young or old, who had not the name of some hopeful equine on his lips, and while some were loud, others assumed an air of mystery or wisdom, and the town was in a flutter of expectancy. Trotters even trotted through the boys' dreams, and many a hotly contested mile was driven over the track before the meeting. Prospects were promising for a large number of entries, and all seemed delighted with the new enterprise. Not a man concerned but was confident of winning a bundle on the days of the meeting, and I doubt if there was ever a more enjoyable time anticipated at Coney Island or Chicago.

Mr. J. K. Smith, the secretary of the Trotting Association, was the owner of a gray mare that had been in training since very early in the spring, and indeed many years before. She was under the guiding hand of one Wright, who had come out from Iowa, professing to be the best skilled trainer and driver in all the northwest. This mare was a great favorite at Mitchell; she had been shipped from the East the previous year, and it was universally believed that no horse in the country could defeat her in a race, in fact, it seemed as if she was looked upon as an invincible. Mr. Smith had spoken with a great deal of confidence in regard to the ability of his mare, and intimated his apprehensions that others would not enter against her, and he would be under the painful necessity of starting her

alone in exhibition heats. Excitement was running high. My semi-inaction seemed more than I could endure; my business was of too tame a nature altogether. I had no horse, and each owner of a racer was sure his horse could beat the other man's horse, and all were confident in their minds that they could name the winner in any race at the meeting. I knew of a pretty good mare, that had been raised in Dakota. She was a large, beautiful, dapple gray; sixteen hands high, kind and gentle, and as yet none of my Mitchell friends had the pleasure of an acquaintance with her. As I became absorbed in the prospects of the coming sports, I wrote the owner of the mare, informing him of the race meeting, and suggested to him to bring his mare—Dakota Belle—to Mitchell, and if he so desired, I would drive her in the race. The return mail brought me a letter from the owner, stating it would be impossible for him to leave home, but the Belle was standing in the barn, and if I wanted her, I could come and get her. The time was short to think of starting in a race of heats, with a horse that had not been in exercise, for it was already the last week in June. Nevertheless, I took the first train for the home of the owner of the mare. I did not say good-by to anyone, and but few knew of my departure. Arriving at my destination the night of June 26th, I found the mare very fat, and started the next day to drive her to Mitchell, a distance of about one hundred and ten miles. The mare having been stabled in company with other horses, was very fretful when alone on the prairie. She left her feed the

first day out and would eat nothing but hay and grass. With the mare and faint hopes, I arrived at Mitchell the night of Friday, June 30th.

I had intended starting the Belle in the three minute class against Mr. Smith's mare, which would be called on Monday, July 3rd, but the time was so short and she was not eating and appeared so tired, that I gave up the idea of starting her at the meeting. But many people urged that the mare should be entered for the race. The officers of the association also came to see me, saying it was their first meeting and they were anxious to make a success. The races, they assured me, should be managed strictly in accordance with the rules of the National Trotting Association, and any man not obeying the rules would be punished accordingly. I might start the mare with the understanding that I would withdraw her from the race after the first heat if likely to receive injury. In fine, they won my consent.

The afternoon of the third day of July came, and we went out to trot the three minutes' race. There was a very large gathering of people on the ground, and all were expecting to see an interesting race, but no one thought of its terminating as they saw it. I suppose ninety per cent. of all the people who were present expected to see the favorite the winner, and I confess I had but little hope of winning with the Belle myself.

After arriving on the ground, I found a great prejudice existing towards Dakota Belle. This was caused by er-

roneous reports which had been circulated for the purpose of gaining sympathy in favor of Mitchell's favorite. Some one had reported that the Belle was an old trotter, rung in to unjustly deprive the home horses of their rights. The driver of the favorite, who was adversely disposed, claimed to have seen her trot races in Iowa, and that she had a fast record. A protest was entered against Dakota Belle, and I was called to the Judge's stand to answer the same. When I stated the name and place of residence of the owner of the mare, I declared that if the Belle was not eligible to the class I did not want to start her, but I believed she was, as Mr. Grange, her owner, had told me she had no race record. After considerable parley among a great many, she was permitted to start under the protest.

Considering the many rumors concerning the Belle, she being entirely strange, and I having been in the place but a short time, we had but few friends when starting in the race.

All drivers were called to the Judge's stand to receive position. Seven horses answered the bell, and fortune decreed that Dakota Belle drew seventh position, which placed her in the rear rank and on the outside. We were sent up the stretch to come for the word, and to all appearance I had no trotter. The Belle was acting in an exceedingly dull manner and I was not pleased with her. She seemed to have no conception of the requirements of a race horse, and every horse in the race would go to the wire two or three lengths ahead of her. The third time down we were

sent away for the heat, with the Belle far in the rear, and to make the matter more embarrassing, she made a break at the first turn, and no sooner was she to her gait than she broke again, and I was loudly hooted at by the immense crowd of people. I have no doubt the chances for Dakota Belle's success had a disastrous appearance, for when I turned her into the back stretch, the other horses were all well away towards the quarter pole. The local favorite, the gray mare, which, for the want of a better name I shall call the Skipper, was leading the party, and I will say this much in her favor, that a more determined Skipper I never saw in a trotting race.

I was lenient and patient with the Belle, kindly discussing the matter with her, fervently hoping she would soon wake up to the situation. After passing the quarter pole she seemed to move with more elasticity, and when again turning into the back stretch, she pointed her ears forward and seemed more animated, which gave me some encouragement, as I regarded this as corroborative evidence of her racing qualities, and that I was not to be disappointed in her. A newly aroused intelligence seemed to flash upon her, as if receiving from me, at least, an understanding of her responsiblities. I now began to help her along, and nobly she responded to every call. As she flew, to close up the gap, she passed one horse after another, as if to say: "I am a contestant in this affair; if you beat me, you will race for it." While rounding the turn she shook off four of her competitors; swinging into

the home stretch, she made a strong effort to close on the leaders, and it was good to hear the comments, as she came in a close third at the finish. The high rate of speed shown by Dakota Belle in this last half mile won golden opinions, even from some of the sports, but while some were willing to place their money on my side, the heat was awarded to the Skipper, and many stood by the favorite gray.

While refreshing the Belle in the rear of the Judge's stand, I could hear above the din of confusion furious profanity, and the bold shouts—anything to beat the big mare. They declared she should be permitted to gain no position in the contest, and Wright rushed about swearing like a pirate, but their abusive language only drove me to a more desperate determination. I was carefully watching and tending the big gray mare, and did not leave her between the heats. To my satisfaction, she was sweating freely and breathed out nicely. I felt confident now that she would endure the fatigue, and I had concluded we were there to remain to the end of the conflict. When we were called for the second heat, I went out fully determined to win.

This start was almost a repetition of the first. The Belle did not leave her gait, but every horse in the race was around the turn ahead of her. Once in the back stretch, however, she got to work, and was soon in the midst of the gang, heroically struggling for the front. I was now reminded of running a blockade of torpedoes.

As I moved forward, the hindmost horse was pulled in front of the Belle, then another and so on through as I succeeded them. At times the Belle would be on the turf on one side, and again on the grass on the other side, so the battle raged; though every imaginable scheme was practiced to assist their favorite to win, the five were left behind, and the favorite attacked on the home stretch, when the battle was renewed, and a hot contest witnessed the last half mile. The Skipper being hard pressed, ran and trotted in a wild mingling of steps. When turning into the home stretch, the Belle made a rush for the finish, trotting nicely, while the Skipper went the entire distance to the wire on a run.

After a long consultation among the judges, the decision was announced in favor of *Dakota Belle.* This caused a good deal of loud dissatisfaction among the backers of the favorite. Now the Belle had one heat, the prospects for the former winning the race were less bright. In jest, I said to the driver of the favorite: "Can't you make your mare *trot a little?*" With this the old man grew furious, and performed antics about over the prairie as if simulating the actions of a wild buffalo in the coils of a cowboy's lasso.

We were run up for the third heat, and with it came the great effort, (as the boys have it.) Any old kind of complaints were being entered against Dakota Belle and her driver, and patrol judges were posted to protect the

"I HAVE 'GOT' YOU, OLD MAN!"

favorite from foul. The word was given us, the first time to the wire, with the Belle bringing up the rear as usual, but we caught the Skipper at the quarter pole, and could have trotted past her any part of the mile after, but each time I moved up, Wright would set his mare to running and cross the track in front of us. When going up the back stretch the second half mile, the Skipper putting in her jumps in great shape, I worked the Belle to her utmost, keeping as little space between the horses as possible, and when the Skipper was pulled to her gait (or rather to the gait she should have gone) the Belle brushed up, and showed her nose in front. My wheel was a little in advance of Wright's; I looked over and quietly remarked: "I have got you, old man." The old man's reply was a curse, with a demand for more room, and when his mare left her trot, she swerved toward the Belle; the sulkies collided, five spokes flew from Wright's wheel and one from mine. The Belle trotted steadily on, while the Skipper running to equal a short dash bang-tail, carried me to the extreme outside of the turn. Wright then pulled for the pole; when turning to the stretch, the Belle was again, pressing her hard, when she made another run, carrying me to the outside of the track. At this time Toby came along with State-line, hugging the inside, and had gained a position ahead of us. This was a great surprise to Wright, and caused him to leave me and go after State-line. Down the stretch we went for the finish, a desperate

trio; State-line to the pole, the Belle on the outside; Wright's cap had slipped from his head, and with the string around his neck was dangling down his back; his gray locks were streaming in the breeze, and the Skipper was putting in her kangaroo leaps down the center, while cheer after cheer went up from the mouths of thousands of enthusiastic spectators.

I never knew which of the three outstretched noses went under the wire first. The judges proclaimed a dead heat, which was far from being satisfactory to the friends of the favorite gray, and for some mysterious reason she did not start in the race again.

Three other horses were also withdrawn, leaving Dakota Belle, State-line and Lady Sanford to finish the race. The Belle won the fourth and fifth heats, and the race was hers, and the Belle was now a favorite at Mitchell, where I started her again, as in other places, always with success; but the first race at Mitchell, as regards both drivers and spectators, was, I think, the most sensational contest I have ever taken part in. The anxiety of each individual seemed strained to its greatest capacity, while the immense gathering jostled turbulently, and were apparently prepared for open hostilities at a single tap of the bell.

I had the pleasure of a hard-won victory, and the only pleasure that my opponents seemed to enjoy was holding my money under protest twenty-one days, which they

claimed to be the rule. No reason could be shown why Dakota Belle should not have started in the race, and after the expiration of the three weeks, with a good deal of reluctance, the protest was withdrawn and the money was paid over to me, and I had plenty of ice the balance of the season.

A Feast with the Hawkeyes

CHAPTER XIX

UNLIKE UNCLE ISAAC CROSSMAN—THE HAWKEYE CLUB—SO SAYS THE DOCTOR—BEACH AND GOULD—NATURAL SCENERY—MORE EXPERIENCE THAN CAPITAL—ALL SMILES AND ATTENTION—INVITED FOR AN OUTING—A TAM-O-SHANTER RIDE—THE OLD MARE'S BLOOD WAS ROILED—JACK'S OBLIGATED DUTY.

Some years ago, in a busy town far down the Columbia River, dwelt many good people, who, unlike "Cross Isaac" of Uncleman's Cross-Corners fame, long after Horace Greeley gave his celebrated advice, "Go West, young man, and grow up with the country," remained East, but after years advanced and the country had grown, took the advice and the trail West.

Now, being far from their native State, and lest many things should be forgotten, it was deemed advisable to form an association under the name of the Hawkeye Club; and a spacious room was procured where meetings could be held, for the purpose of visits, talks and debates, to keep in mind old friends, the land of birth, and "auld lang syne."

One evening, late in Spring time, when the thermometer was away above zero, and there was no snow or frost

on the ground, so that it was not necessary that the Host should remain indoors, sit in a big arm chair in the corner, smoke a corn cob pipe, talk race horse, drink hot whiskey toddies and hug a redhot stove to avoid congelation, the Hawkeye Club assembled in regular meeting, which, by reason of the liberal attendance on that particular date, reverted into a very amusing evening's entertainment, consisting of reading, singing, narrative, personation and oratory. A corps of ability being selected for the evening, and all required to participate,

So Says the Doctor.

Gentlemen:

I assure you that I regard this a most gratifying meeting, and that I am much pleased to be with you upon this joyous occasion. It reminds me of many agreeable occurrences, and of some occurrences that were not so very agreeable, all of which find place in the merry-go-round of life.

As we are seated here before this smiling, intelligent, and apparently happy gathering, I am very naturally reminded of the fact, that I was once connected with the merry making minstrelsy, and, as I am expected in some way to contribute to the entertainment of our little party, I will relate some of my experiences, which, I venture to say, did not differ widely from those of many others who have participated in similar undertakings.

Having had, in my earlier years, a fondness for negro minstrelsy, and being desirous in later years of making

that a profession, I some years after the Rebellion, advertised for, procured, organized, drilled and prepared a troupe of excellent amateur talent, for the purpose of permanent investment, and to travel in whatever part of the country might prove most fruitful, I having the honor of being proprietor, manager, secretary, and cashier of the noble body, an experience which any one who has been in a similar position knows well how to appreciate.

Our first tour was through some of the principal towns in Wisconsin and other neighboring States, and I am happy to say that at times we exhibited with fair success. With Beach and Gould (Beach of the renowned Beach and Bowers minstrels) added to our party, we later played an extended, erratic season in the wilds of Dakota, where at that time were but sixty miles of railway meandering through the Missouri River bottom lands, between Sioux City, Iowa, and Yankton, Dakota,—Yankton was the capital of the territory, with a population of about three thousand, composed principally of government officials and contractors.

Journeying farther west, and up the Missouri River to Springfield, Niobrara, and some of the military posts, we were compelled to use teams for conveyance, as no railroad magnate had, as yet, penetrated the land of the red man, the coyote and the buffalo.

Our travels were necessarily slow, and in some degree, tedious, but this we did not regret, as we felt we were amply rewarded in the pleasure enjoyed seeing that new

and unsettled country, and its natural scenery during the beautiful autumn peculiar to Dakota, a country which has developed into a part of the wealthiest and most productive land in the Northwest.

We were honored with the credit of being the first minstrel company to vocalize in those parts, and the first that many of the people had ever seen. And this was our programme:

ARMSTRONG'S MINSTRELS!!!

PROGRAMME FOR THIS EVENING.

Part First.

Introductory Overture.....COMPANY
All Among the Flowers.....Beach and Gould
Susan Jane.....Jack Briggs
Sweet Katie Killaire.....Tommy Gould
Will Be Dar.....Bobby Beach
Take This Letter to My Mother.....Mr. McLelland

GRAND FINALE

FAMOUS BRANAGAN BAND.

Overture ..... Orchestra

Part Second.

DOCTOR'S TROUBLES.

Doctor Courtwright.....N. C. Armstrong
Pete.....Bobby Beach
Jimmy.....Jack Briggs
Mr. McCarthy.....Durbin McLelland
Mr. Buck.....Tommy Gould

Selection of Songs and Harmonican Solos....D. McLelland

Acrobatic and Breakneck Songs and Dances,
Beach and Gould.

Bone Solo.....N. C. Armstrong

Old Virginia Essences.....Tommy Keating

Arrival of Jack Briggs from South Carolina.

Champion Execution Trick Clog of America
Beach and Gould.

SELECTIONS FROM ORCHESTRA.

The whole to Conclude With the Military Farce, Entitled

OBEYING ORDERS.

General Bullet.....N. C. Armstrong
Corporal Powder.....Jack Briggs
Mary Jane Gunn.....Tommy Keating

After a series of entertainments along the Big Muddy, among the natives (Indians), and return (with an abundance of experience and exhausted capital), to civilization, I located for a summer season in a pleasant little town in Dakota, one member of my company, a particular friend, who, for convenience sake we commonly called Jack, also remained at that place. Jack and I were frequently having recreations during the warm season, and the months, seemingly as but weeks, very pleasantly passed away. For, although our amusements were not all of the most agreeable kind to all parties, we were not burdened with grievances of a serious nature.

On one particular occasion, a circumstance occurred which proved of slight annoyance to my friend Jack, though when assembled with friends in our usual diversions, he appeared to enjoy the joke as hugely as any of us.

In my stable was a pacing mare that had won (if nothing more), Jack's affections, also a black gelding that was classed with the trotters. This pacing mare, in my opinion, was one of the living curiosities. She had been in the eastern states in her former years something of a speedy animal, and evidently a victim of many experiments and erroneous teachings. She was willful, ugly, full of vicious habits, but withal, an inveterate puller. In fact, so established was she in this habit that the strength of the ablest man would make but slight impression in the way of controlling her when she felt disposed to have her own

way. When speeding, I had found her so completely uncontrollable that I gave her up as an incurable case.

Jack, in his accustomed mood, in the evening, all smiles and attention, inquired as usual after the welfare of the pacer.

"Jack," said I, "she is speedy, but she is a bad one. I find I have not strength enough to manage her, she has pulled me until I feel as if I were stretched from ocean to ocean."

"What," exclaimed Jack, "can't hold a horse! I should like to see the horse I can't hold!" Thus he proceeded in a ridiculing manner regarding imbecility and incapability, boldly expressing confidence in his own ability to successfully manipulate any unruly steed that had ever worn harness.

I had frankly acknowledged my inability to master the brute. She had fairly defeated me in a straight tug, and so I resolved to patiently receive all the hot shot my friend might be pleased to send, and to remain quiet and undisturbed.

When sufficient time had been given to allow the mare to recover from her severe work-out, I invited Jack for a day's outing and recreation with the horses, an opportunity which he was eager to grasp.

Arriving at the stables, the horses were hitched to sulkies, and Jack invited to a seat behind the pacer. I was to give my attention to the trotter, as he was of a nervous disposition and required but one driver. Jack

was duly cautioned to handle the mare with care, as she was soon to start in a race, and under no circumstances should she be permitted to speed. This I impressed upon him, knowing well that all the power and ingenuity he possessed could not prevent her speeding when she felt so disposed.

Jack promised to be very careful, and started away with the pacer, doomed to a "Tam-O-Shanter" ride, while I posed as a spectator, up behind the black gelding.

After reaching the course, and about a quarter of a mile had been covered, a sudden thought seemed to rush to the old mare's brain that she was being teamed entirely too slow,—that she would be late. She began to hasten her steps, and disagreement was already visible. Jack, with unsuccessful effort, labored to control her to his liking, but the more he would pull the faster she would go, till round and round the course they went with ghostly speed, Jack determined to sooth the ardorous disposition of the mare, and the mare as thoroughly determined that her liberties should not be interferred with.

In the midst of the conflict, hoofs were divested of turf appliances, which were cast hither and thither, while horse shoes flew promiscuously through the air, all adding flame to Jack's perplexity of mind, causing him again and again to vigorously renew his exertions, but the old mare went along all the same, continuing her relentless career until, confident of victory secured. Then slowing her pace

she walked leisurely back to the starting point, with Jack looking weary of his job.

With as grave a countenance as could be commanded, under the pressure of circumstances, I inquired: "Jack, could you not hold her?"

"I have come to the conclusion," answered Jack, "that of all her kind I have come in contact with, this is the most obstinate one."

"She was a little unsteady," I replied. "You may jog her around two or three times more, if you please. This fellow has had work enough, I will take him to the barn."

Jack made no audible response, but plainly evinced his desire for a discontinuance of track work. Hurrying to the stable, I closed the heavy gate, for I knew the old mare's blood was roiled, and she soon hove in sight, with her head high, mouth wide stretched, Jack leaning far back on the seat, both hands as one gripping the reins, pulling with all the strength he had left, and calling for the gate to be opened.

The old mare had no time to wait the opening. She struck the gate at about a two-forty clip, and stopped very abruptly, allowing Jack time to slide to the earth and drag himself from behind the sulky, the most defeated and disgusted looking man I had seen for many many days. References to pacing horses at our social gatherings seemed to animate Jack ever after to his customary obligated duty of passing the cigars.

A Comrade's Letter

CHAPTER XX

Some years ago, a comrade residing in a far eastern state, many miles away, who had seen hard service during the Rebellion, was touring Southern California for his health. One year after his return, he wrote to California. He gave a description of his trip, its pleasures, and the points of interest he had visited, and particularly mentioned San Bernardino Valley and Redlands, and as he put it, Redlands, the most beautiful little city I have ever seen, or ever expect to see.

And this, I am informed, is a copy of the letter which he received in return, and much enjoyed reading:

Dear Comrade: I deem it not necessary to say that I am glad to hear from you, or to receive the letter I have so long waited and hoped for. The letter that is, as the letter from far across the deep blue sea; the letter that calls to my memory the days when we were younger than we now are, and the many pleasant occurrences, and some occurrences that were not so delightfully pleasant in that long ago, when, together we toddled through boyhood's days; when, together, we signed an allegiance to our country in her hour of need; together, we passed through the bloody angles in battle, which the fortune of war decreed

the Invincible? Second Army Corps. After the disbandment of the volunteers, together, we returned to our home, and peaceful life; thirty-seven years having elapsed, we met in this land of wonder and perpetual summer, which, to me, was the most pleasing event of my years' experience along the coast of California, all of which must be added to fill the pages of the life of the wanderer, still buffeting the waves of a turbulent sea.

I have thought of many things since your departure from this fair city; oh, for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still! My heart has yearned for the dear ones that have long passed beyond the beautiful river; for the land of my childhood (bless those happy days), Auld Lang Syne, and the dear old folks at home.

But, I pray you, do not think me lamenting my lot in life. "I am not." Although I have passed through many reverses, if the old flag were in peril today, as in the days of our youth, I would readily repeat the act. 'Tis true, I regret the burden of broken health, which has been a great obstruction to advancements and comfort in late years, and at times I am sad at heart. Then I bethink me, and congratulate myself that I am much better circumstanced than thousands of others, and I am grateful that I am permitted to enjoy sufficient health to be on foot, to move about as I do; to help comfort my comrades in arms, and to write letters to them—dear to me as brothers.

THE REDWOOD CABIN ON THE HILL

Comrade, have you ever realized the fact that one blessed with so genial a disposition as yourself, who, seemingly, can look upon the bright side of all things, can be of material benefit to those with minds so differently constituted as to see the dark side of many things?

I speak of this prevailing ailment of mankind not because I believe it to be an habitual preference. It may be circumstantial, possibly inheritance, probably negligence, which, in either case, in my mind, may be overcome by proper associations and adherence to good and cheerful thoughts. I have often thought of your urgent advice in regard to happiness. I have long since become reconciled to my lonely fate, the life of a hermit, and for the past few months my time has been fully and pleasantly occupied improving and beautifying the hermitage, "the little redwood cabin on the hill."

I am happy in the thought that you have experienced an enjoyable tour across the continent, along the coast of California, and return to your home feeling that you have been richly repaid for your time and expenditures, in health, benefit and the pleasure of the beautiful scenery in this Land of Gold and Sunshine; and, my dear old friend, my sincere wishes to you are, "That you may enjoy many such pleasures, and may the evening of your years in this sphere be a long and happy one."

The poet writes:

Among the thoughts of youthful days
One thought I can recall,
" 'Twere better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.
Again in later years he thought,
And that thought of his did run,
'Twere better to have loved and lost,
Than to have loved and won!"

In those California days his thoughts would seem to say:

Oh, that some kind-hearted one might pity on me take,
And remove from my home the bitter pill!
The angels will bless her who will share my humble lot
In the little redwood cabin on the hill!
When in later years our locks shall silvered be,
As two loving sweethearts we'll fill the bill
And we'll forget the trials and troubles of the past,
In the little redwood cabin on the hill.

I thank you for the visits you gave me,
In the redwood cabin so unexpectedly,
When you ponder on this golden shore,
And the blue Pacific's rolling sea,
Methinks your thoughts will wander far
To Redland's heights and valley free,
The beacon light of the harbor bar
And thus in candor, ever be.

O, California, 'tis sad to leave you!
Thy land of flowers and scenic glee!
For sacred ties I will say "Good-by!"
I would my home might be with thee.
When far away in my native State,
Where the snow doth robe the grassy lee,
I will oft return to thy sunny clime,
In silent, blissful reverie.

Come again, comrade! We shall be prepared to entertain you in a more royal manner than ever before.

Twice an Outcast

A Warden's Experience

CHAPTER XXI

With justice to all and hopes for good results, I give this story to the public. I have no desire to heroize myself, I have reached the years beyond that point of life. There shall be no joy in my bosom that any one shall be displeased. I have simply related the facts as I knew and remember them. If it shall save one from the fate that befell the hero of my narrative, I shall feel that I have done some good for mankind, and that I shall be amply repaid for my services.

After the close of the Civil War, by reason of impaired health, I had moved about a good deal over the territory of the United States and Canada, and it was about the first days of the seventies, when I reached the beautiful little city of Janesville, with no definite period determined upon as to residence.

Soon after my arrival, while being busily engaged one afternoon about my temporized place of business, a boy came to me, whose peculiar appearance caused me to defer my affairs for a time, and to look upon him with some degree of feeling. I had often seen his similar, but in the combination of his make-up, was something different from all others, that seemed to attract my attention and

sympathy. He was but a small child, thin in flesh. The garments he wore were in tatters that dangled and wound around his little body as he moved about; they were unclean, and much too large for the frail looking little form that they were intended to comfort. His head was a tangled mass of hair, with putrid sore and scab that covered the entire scalp, where vermin were visible. As I gazed upon him in wonder, I thought he certainly had acquired all the symptoms of a much neglected child, a living waif of the street. With all, there were an air of gentleness.

I was informed that his mother had died about the time of his birth, and that his father, who was a tailor by trade, was out of the city and did not often see his little boy. That the boy had a step-mother, and no home. He picked up something to eat as best he could, and usually found a sleeping place in a dry goods box, or livery stable, as the opportunity might be presented. I took the liberty to apply a lotion to his afflicted head which in a few days cleansed and healed the scalp, restoring it to a natural condition of health, thereby allowing the use of a comb in his hair. Advice in regard to neatness was also given him, which he seemed to appreciate as being very kind. The little one came often to see me after, and I, after some time, discovered that I had begun to feel pleased to have him come.

One evening he came crying to tell me that that morning his father had been found dead in his room at the hotel at a city some fifty miles distant, and finished his

story by asking if he could live with me. The question was a serious one for me to consider, and I was at sea to know how to reply. I was, at that time, associated with a gentleman in Illinois, furnishing horses from that state and the state of Wisconsin, for the eastern markets. The business, at times, called me to one state or to the other, and as far east as Albany, Boston, and New York city. I was likely to be in New York during a portion of the warm season, and in the southeastern states for the winter. The uppermost question in my mind was, "Can I properly rear and care for a boy?"

I thought of the dead father, the indifference of a step-mother. I saw the forsaken child before me, his upturned face, tears streaming down the wan and emaciated cheeks, earnestly asking for a home and friend. Could I refuse the request of the orphan. The thought came to me, if a man can ever do a Christian act, here is a splendid opportunity. A little hand crept carefully into my own and I was at once a captive. There was not cold blood enough coursing through my heart to say no. For a few moments I did not talk. We walked along, hand in hand, when again the child voice spoke, "Can I stay?" "Yes," I replied, "come in, you shall live with me; you shall be my boy, and I shall try to be a father to you." The facts were made known to the step-mother, who appeared unconcerned as to with whom, or where the child might be.

The boy was cleansed and clothed. His little cheeks soon grew round and rosy; he practiced no bad habits, and

obeyed my every wish without a murmur. I never found it necessary to punish him. It was his custom and delight to sit on my knee and have me recite comic lines in the Irish dialect, while he would caress me as a fond child with its mother. He was affectionate and of sweet disposition. Our attachment became mutual.

About one year after he came to live with me, I caused to be executed Articles of Apprenticeship. This was done solely for the purpose of binding us more closely to each other, and that I could feel that whatever I did for the boy I was doing for my own. To this, the relatives offered no objections. The boy was started to school, and all went well.

Now feeling that greater responsibilities were resting upon me, I endeavored to do the best possible for my little ward. His studies and recitations I gave my personal attention. I organized troupes and performed them for his special benefit, that he might gain practical knowledge of minstrelsy. When I went out with a troupe, he was always with me. If I went to Chicago, or other cities, he was by my side, and permitted to sit before the most talented artists of the day, in the profession in which I was trying to educate him, the art of which, he, as well as myself, so much desired he should accomplish. I made myself his constant companion. If I had an outing he was given all the enjoyment it might afford. When I was called away on

business, my greatest thought was to return to him at the earliest practicable opportunity. No matter what my business might be, he was always foremost in my mind. No child was ever dearer to a parent than he to me, and I had the pleasure of knowing that he loved me in return. I did not know of a living relative of my own; he was my all, my most sacred care. I did all in my power for his elevation and advancement. For this, I have no regret. I crave no honors.

The Peaks, who, as a family of father, mother, two sons and two daughters, had gained some notoriety in years past as Swiss Bell Ringers, now appeared at Janesville as a comedy company, with Fannie (Mrs. Fitz) the only member of the old family with it, as sole proprietress and still retaining the original title.

When the Peak family managers came to me to negotiate the services of the boy, I was reluctant to let him go. He was young, small of his age, and I wanted him to attend school, which I thought of greater importance at that time. The troupe went away without him. Wyman (one of the company) was sent back from the next town to make the final effort to secure the boy. The boy wanted to go, there was no salary, but the fact of the head of the troupe being a woman who had children of her own, it seemed to me that the boy would be safe with her, and derive some benefit from practice. They finally succeeded in obtaining

my consent to let him go for a short time, provided Fannie would (as she had promised) devote at least two hours each day to his studies and recitations, which I found later she had entirely neglected. I visited him at different times, always giving him such encouragement and advice as I thought necessary.

In the latter part of the summer I received a letter from the manager of the Peak family, informing me that my boy had become unmanageable and was needing my immediate attention, and that it would be well if I would write him a strong letter of instructions. Knowing that in such a case as had been described to me, that my personal appearance would be the most efficient remedy, I accordingly made preparations to meet the troupe at the place I had been advised to address my letter. The boy did not know there had been a complaint laid against him, and was delighted to see me. I remained with him two or three days, and our visit was a most pleasurable one. When he found that Fannie had written and caused me to neglect my business, by reason of his disobedience, when he had done nothing contrary to her wishes but to play a game of billiards, he wept bitterly, and expressed a desire to go home with me. At this time he had been with the troupe more than a year, the manager always requesting more time to fill his place in the company. I had informed Fannie that the time would necessarily soon arrive when the boy must leave her, as I

wanted him to attend school the coming year. I assured him that he should return to me, and school, and we would then be together; this seemed to satisfy him and we parted with all the affection of a father and son.

Some time later, I was informed that the Peak family were contemplating a trip to California, and as my boy was a valuable acquisition to the troupe, was determined to take him with them, contrary to my wishes, and that correspondence to that end had been going on for some time between the Peaks and the relatives of the boy. This thunderbolt struck me to the heart. I had not heard, or thought of such a move. I could not think that his sister, who was perfectly familiar with the circumstances from the time of my earliest giving the boy attention, and had always appeared pleased that he was being kindly cared for, could be so false. I called at her dwelling to ascertain the facts in the matter, and received a bountiful supply of abuse for my pains; for she had the tongue of a daughter of the Green Isle.

I walked away thoroughly convinced that the communication that had come to me was not a mistake, and that the affair was a deeply seated one. I at once saw through it all; I saw that the battle of my life was fast approaching, and that the destiny of the dearest one on earth to me was at stake. I knew my boy well. It was my cherished hope and ambition (as I replied to Bennett in the court, when he ap-

plied the question "what do you want to do with the boy?") to make a man of him. I held perfect control over him; he, always receiving my advice in the most kindly and submissive manner. He was free from vice, morally pure, but I could plainly see his finish should he be deprived of my influence at his present age of thirteen years, to which he had barely attained. His ruin was staring me in the face; my duty called me to his rescue, and I threw my utmost strength into the struggle to save him. I labored diligently with his relatives and friends, I earnestly pleaded the necessity of education; I begged of them with all the force and ingenuity within my ability to help me save the boy from the hazardous step they were about to compel him to take.

All my efforts were fruitless. The Peak woman had drawn an illustration that pleased the imaginary idea of the relatives, they could not be induced to hear to reason, and matters grew from bad to worse. The boy was sent to the relatives to be near, but to be kept apart and not permitted to converse or speak with me; by this strategy provoke an attack that would aid the Peaks to secure control of the boy. The Peaks came also, and the skirmish continued until the final battle line was reached in the courts, of which the proceedings and results will be found in the following notes, clipped from the different journals of the city written by the hands of those estimable gentlemen of the Janesville

Gazette and the Rock County Recorder, who knew me well, and knew my ward and the circumstances of his life from his earliest infancy.

NEWSPAPER NOTES.

MINSTRELS.

The California Minstrels appeared on Saturday night at Lappin's hall before a good audience, and executed a programme of interesting specialties to the entire satisfaction of the spectators. The Rowan Brothers of this city, appeared in connection with the company in double song and dance. Johnny Shay, N. Armstrong, T. Nolen and Burt Stow contributed their stage wit and musical talent to the evening's entertainment, producing an enjoyable affair throughout. The company goes west from this city.—*Janesville Gazette.*

Charley Rowan, our little bonist and great song and dance artist, has joined the Peak Family Bell Ringers for a trip through the eastern country. He was a favorite of all who knew him, and will be missed by many friends who have known him from infancy. To Mr. N. Armstrong much credit is due for taking this little orphan to his arms at the time of his father's death and tenderly watching over him with a father's love. He will miss him more than all.—*Rock County Recorder.*

"DOT."

About two years ago little Charlie Rowan, of this City, was employed by the Peak family to take part in its performances. Since that time he has traveled over most of the states of the Union, and has become a valuable acquisition to the troupe. The part he took in the "Flirtation Duette" at Myer's Opera House last Monday evening was well played and brought down the house. The "bone solo" and "clog dance" in which he took an active part drew forth rounds of applause from the audience, and as "Call Boy" he was equally successful. He is graceful on the stage, and with proper training is destined to make his mark in the world. The company advertise him under the name of "Dot." Years ago, when a small child, his parents died, leaving him destitute and to the mercy of a cold world. Mr. N. Armstrong, of this city, who has a big heart, took the little fellow in care, and has ever since been as a father to him, and no doubt loves him as if he were his own child. Once during the past two years he went to West Virginia where the company was playing to see him. "Dot" has good reason for looking upon Mr. Armstrong as a father to whom he is indebted for his present position and past cares which he cannot very soon repay.—*Rock County Recorder.*

Willie Knight Mr. Armstrong Charley Rowan
LAST OF OUR HAPPY DAYS

THE CASE OF CHARLEY ROWAN.

A case came up in Justice Patten's court yesterday involving the custody of Charley Rowan, who has been with the Peak family for nearly two years. It appears from the articles of indenture, that Nelson Armstrong, of this city, took Charley as an apprentice, and bound himself to teach him the trade and art of minstrelsy, and was to have his services until the boy attained the age of 21 years. Armstrong took him in hand, taught him to dance and to manipulate the bones, and today Charley has no superior in these arts in the West. He is now one of the most valuable members of the Peak family troupe, and pleases multitudes wherever he appears. He is good property, and the Peaks and Mr. Armstrong know it. On the 20th of March Charley left the troupe temporarily, and came home to see his relatives and friends. Mr. Armstrong, thinking that Charley had unlawfully departed from his services, applied for a warrant to apprehend him and return him to his custody. The warrant was issued, and yesterday the case came up before Justice Patten. The articles of indenture of apprenticeship were given in evidence, and testimony taken as to the care and treatment Charley Rowan had received from Mr. Armstrong, which proved that the care and treatment had been good. As there was no contradictory evidence, Mr. Patten decided that Armstrong was entitled to the custody of Charley. The only question is whether the art or trade

of dancing and bone-playing is such as the law would hold a proper and legitimate trade. Charley does not complain of Mr. Armstrong's treatment, but says he has been very kind to him. Armstrong now desires that Charley shall stay at home this summer and attend school, and if he rejoins the Peak family that he shall receive a larger salary than that now paid him, which is only nominal. It is now agreed between Mr. Armstrong and the relatives of Charley that while on a visit here, he may visit his friends during the day, but must report himself to Mr. Armstrong at night. Whether the question of custodianship will be carried before the county judge, remains to be seen.—*Janesville Gazette.*

THE CHARLEY ROWAN CASE.

As we expected, the friends of Charley Rowan, the dancer and bone soloist, who has been traveling with the Peak family for two years, have taken his case before Amos P. Prichard, County Judge, and will try and secure the custody of the boy. Fannie Peak is also interested in the proceedings, as Charley is the most valuable member of the troupe. It will be remembered that only a few years ago, Charley was running the street, destitute of sufficient clothing, no permanent home and picked up his living as best he could. He was a born dancer, as from early childhood he displayed unusual ability in dancing. Mr. Nelson Armstrong took compassion on the lad, had articles of ap-

prenticeship drawn up, duly signed, and then took the boy home. He gave him instructions in dancing and general minstrelsy, clothed him well, and two years ago secured him a position in the Peak family. Now that Charley is "somebody," and his services are of considerable value, his friends and relatives, who once declared in a justice court that he was a vagrant, now want a decision that the articles of apprenticeship are a nullity, and that the custody of the boy belongs to them and not to Mr. Armstrong, The matter first came up before Justice Patten a few days ago, who decided that Mr. Armstrong is entitled to the custody and services of the boy. There is a large amount of evidence, and the case, which commenced this morning, will continue all day. Bennett & Sale are the attorneys for the relatives, and Mr. Patterson and William Smith, Jr. for Mr. Armstrong.—*Janesville Gazette.*

THE ROWAN CASE.

The testimony and arguments in the Charley Rowan case were finished today, and Judge Prichard has reserved his opinion until tomorrow morning at nine o'clock. The ground on which the relatives of the boy seek to get possession of him is that, in Armstrong allowing Charley to travel with the Peak family, he passed from under his control, and thereby neglected him. The question of the profession of minstrelsy being a trade under the statutes, can only be decided in the circuit court. The statutes provide that in

case any apprentice shall be misused, ill-treated or neglected by his master, or by any person under the direction or by the permission of such master, the next friend of the apprentice, or any person in his behalf, may file a complaint in the county court, setting forth the facts and circumstances of the case. It is not claimed that the boy had been misused, ill-treated or actually neglected by Mr. Armstrong, but the simple act of allowing him to go with the Peak family as a performer, was a sufficient neglect, under the statute, to warrant the county court in breaking the articles of apprenticeship, and compelling Armstrong to deliver the boy to his relatives.—*Rock County Recorder.*

THE ROWAN CASE.

Judge Prichard gave a decision in the case of Charley Rowan this morning at nine o'clock. The statute in relation to apprentices requires that some profession, trade or employment shall be specified in the articles establishing the apprenticeship to be taught to the infant. The instrument by which Charley Rowan was apprenticed to Mr. Armstrong, required that the former should be taught the art or trade of minstrelsy. This the court decided is not a profession, trade or employment, within the meaning of the law of this state; and, therefore, that the relation of master and apprentice never legally existed between Armstrong and Rowan. The proceedings in this case were for the re-

moval of Mr. Armstrong for neglect of the boy. The order for removal could only be made in case the relation of master and apprentice legally existed, hence the only order the court could make in the case was to dismiss the proceedings, which we understand was done. What will be the next step by Mr. Armstrong we do not know.—*Janesville Gazette.*

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The usual routine was gone through in the courts, and the proceedings were dismissed. The contest was unequal, and unjust. It was many against one, and a barbarous act for a selfish motive. Oh, humanity! humanity! What deeds of brutality are committed in thy name!

I did my duty and my best. Attorneys Patterson and Smith heroically and generously defended me. Bennett was insolent and abusive. Sales was mild and gentlemanly, and afterwards personally apologized for the part he had taken in the case.

Charley was manly through all the trouble; he had not forgotten his teachings; he gave me no unpleasant words, he paid me all the respect due a parent from a dutiful child. In the courts he was noble, nobler than any of all, who were preparing the way for his destruction. He could not be induced to say he had been ill-treated or neglected; when the attempt was made to place the words in his mouth, he promptly replied: "No, sir; Mr. Armstrong was always very kind to me."

When all was over he gave an affectionate "good-by," but I was heavily burdened and my lips were mute to the words my heart would speak. The influence that was brought to bear upon the boy was overwhelming. He went to California with the Peak family, and the little diamond to which I had stooped when in its crude form; raised from the filth, loved, cherished, and diligently watched over, polished to its brilliant luster, was lost to me forever. I never saw him again. Dear reader, can you sympathize with me; or will you say I was a fool for loving and defending my ward?

I betook me to Dakota territory, with the thought to forget my bereavement in the mines, and the Black Hills, I did not reach the hills for some years later, nor did I forget. I thought, I continued to think, I am thinking now, and I shall not cease thinking until thought shall be no more.

Soon after the arrival of the Peak family in California, while scanning the columns of a journal that had been sent to me from the city of my pleasures and sorrows, my eyes fell upon two conspicuous crosses of the pencil under which were these lines:

"Times in California are said to be terrible. A great drough also prevails, and no prospect of a crop. Charley Rowan is there, dead-broke and wants to come home. Has he any friends to help him?

"The Peak family, insufficient to cope with talent of the Pacific coast, engulfed in financial embarrassment, the members were cast to the many winds, each one compelled to shift for himself, three thousand miles away, with the Rocky Mountains between. Spark, (Willie Knight, Charley's mate, a noble little fellow, who ranked second on the list in my affections to my own charge), was recalled to his home to take up his school. Charley, uneducated, with no kind adviser to guide his young mind through the misty valley of life, was doomed to fight out his future battles alone. The resort, the vile houses of amusements. The result, the old story.

But few short years and the message. I regret the mislaying of the letter, unabling me to give the original in full. The momentous, however, is with me. I read it many times.

Dear Friend: Will you forgive me? I was drifted, and drifted from you, you were the only friend I have ever had. If you will send me means to go over the road to you, I will do anything you ask of me. I have grown a good deal since you saw me. I am a good deal taller. Send me means to go over the road. Your————

Other letters came, each one being a repetition of the former. Relatives expressed regrets, but all was too late, the opportunity of his life had passed; gone, never to return.

I behold the reproduction of the first scene of the drama. The orphan in misery; twice an outcast; craving a friend.

I could easily forgive; I looked upon him as not the offender; I still loved the boy and would gladly have given him shelter and care. I could not help him now, as I could have done years before. My army disabilities were bearing heavily upon me; necessity was compelling me to give my entire time and attention to the care of my rapidly failing health.

My meetings with people of the profession, who impart information, were frequent. Still suffering, I secured quarters at the Chicago Homeopathic College during the lecture course, for the purpose of treatment and to more thoroughly fit myself for the care of my bodily ailments, determined to return by Janesville; for I longed to see my lost boy and to aid him if possible.

It was early spring; the railroads were in bad condition; our route was circuitous, and we did not reach our destination until night. Going directly from train to hotel, I secured accommodations, took supper, then proceeded to the barber of my choice when I was a resident of the city. The son of the old proprietor was now managing the business, who recognized me as I entered the place. He greeted me kindly, invited me to his chair, and, as I took the seat, he remarked: "The boy whom you tried to make a man of

departed this life five weeks past." Having no more interest in the city I repaired to my home in the West.

My life's journey has continued. The years have come and gone. My little hero has long slept beneath the greensward of the Badger State, and I am an old man with silvered locks, biding my time in the genial climate on the coast of California. Every incident of the days far back are indelibly impressed in my memory. While the spirit shall remain with this clay, and the mind adhere to reason, I shall gaze ever with regret upon the sad scene of a once promising, valuable and noble life, struck down and destroyed in its infancy by the hideous sickle of a wicked conspiracy.

When I have reached the shining river,
And shall have crossed to the golden shore,
I shall see and know the smiling face
Of my lamented one, passed over long before!
Freed from the burden of sorrows,
Of those unhappy days of yore,
Together, in the realms of heavenly bliss
We shall rejoice, and part no more.